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THE "WICKEDEST MAN'S" REFORMATION.

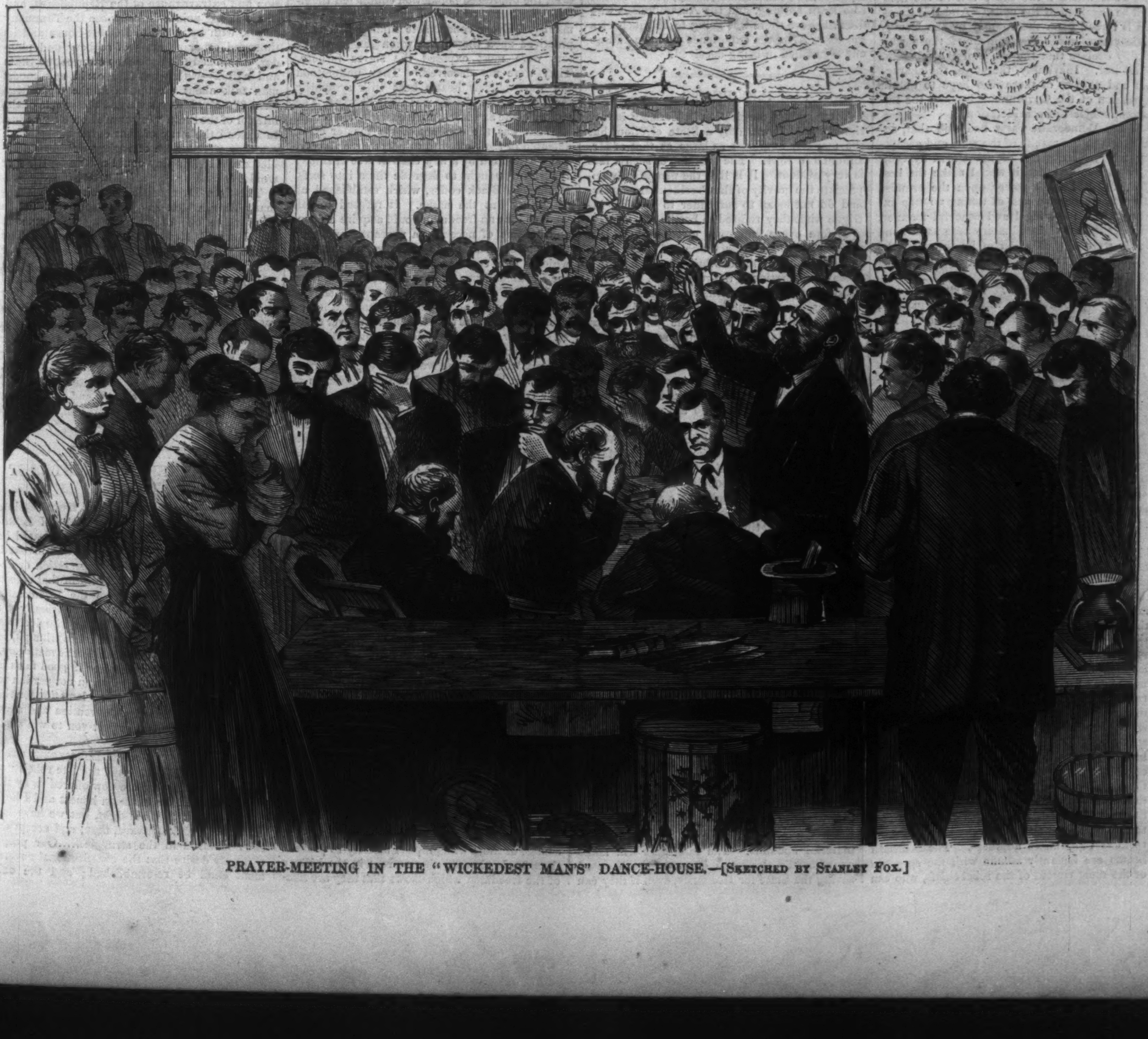
THE famous and *in*famous dance-house at 304 Water Street, New York, of which we gave a truthful account some weeks ago, was closed at midnight on August 30, and a notice posted on the door to the effect that it would be opened only for the hire of Magdalens to honest service. It is very gratifying to know that the place is closed; and still more gratifying and encouraging to know the reasons that influenced the act. JOHN ALLEN, the keeper, is reported to have said that he had closed his place because he had "come to the conclusion that it is wrong to keep such a place; and also to gratify his poor old father, who is tottering on the brink of the grave, and his brothers and sisters, who are all respectable people; and also for the sake of his children, to whom he wants to set a good example." The former reason given by him for *promising* to close the place, namely, "that the business was ruined," was not calculated to make one believe in the sincerity of the religious views claimed *for*, but not *by*, him. Undoubtedly his conduct since the close of the house has been such as to lead one to believe as well as hope in his reformation. Certainly his conduct if not his example is calculated to purge Water Street of the many pernicious establishments like his own which are to be found there; and if the Superintendent of Police will vigorously reinforce the ministers now laboring in that district by a few policemen, with orders to close up the other establishments immediately, great good will undoubtedly be effected in cleansing

SCENE IN FRONT OF THE "WICKEDEST MAN'S" DANCE-HOUSE.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

that district. It may look a little arbitrary at first glance to close these establishments by force, and it may be doing the individuals who keep them a legal wrong, but these people prosper by illegally robbing poor sailors, and the sailors are certainly entitled to as much protection as the city sharks who prey upon them. Besides, these establishments are in part indirectly supported by all tax-payers, and justice to the tax-payer demands that they should be closed. Men and women are daily sent from these haunts of vice to our hospitals to be cured of diseases generated there, and the expense to the city of taking care of the victims of the keepers of these dance and drinking houses is no small item in the expense account which the citizens of New York are taxed heavily to pay. These pecuniary reasons are only second in importance to the moral ones which might be adduced, if necessary; but they are certainly worthy of consideration.

ALLEN'S old dance-hall has been open for the purposes of prayer daily since September 1. A reporter of the *Tribune* of September 3 thus describes the scenes, as we illustrate them on this page:

"The stranger who passed through Water Street at noon yesterday must have been impressed with the fact that something unusual was going on there. While other portions of the street presented their wonted appearance, with half-clad, fat, greasy-looking women, coarse, bloated, beastly men, and neglected children, lounging around the many dens for which the street is noted, or wallowing in the mire of the gutters, the sidewalks between Dover and Roosevelt streets were occupied by knots of men, porters, sailors, 'longshoremen, bar-tenders, mingled with whom were some well-dressed clerks, warehousemen, and disgust-



PRAYER-MEETING IN THE "WICKEDEST MAN'S" DANCE-HOUSE.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

ing-looking women with sickly children in their arms. JOHN ALLEN'S saloon, or what was formerly his saloon, was literally packed with men, representing almost every class in society, and the crowd extended across the sidewalk into the middle of the street. At the further side of the inner room of the establishment were a number of clergymen—who conducted the exercises—besides a number of Wall Street bankers and brokers who are in sympathy with the revival movement in Water Street, and who have promised that funds shall not be wanting to carry forward the efforts for the evangelization of the Fourth Ward. The exercises were characterized by great earnestness on the part of those who participated, and the intense interest evinced by all who were present. Hardened criminals were moved to tears, and joined in the hymns with a fervor rarely seen except in camp-meetings. Of course, mixed up with these was much profanity, scoffing, and sneering at 'JOHN'S last dodge;' but the general impression was that Mr. ALLEN was in earnest in his professions, and that a movement had been inaugurated in Water Street that is to work a revolution there as salutary as the one that has taken place at the Five Points during the last decade. Not among the least interested of the audience were the young women who were formerly inmates of the house. They were dressed in their holiday attire, and joined in the singing with much apparent enjoyment, and listened attentively to all that was said and done. The little CHESTER was also the centre of much attraction."

TO THE HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

UNDER the Flag I greet you, Sir,
As one who in your country's cause
With steadfast zeal have toiled for her,
The Constitution, and her laws.

Who in her Council-Hall arose,
Ruling impartial the debate,
Yet never stooped to screen her foes,
Nor brought dishonor to the State;

Striving aright her course to guide,
With that true band of noble men
Who took their stand by Lincoln's side,
And never faltered back again.

I greet you as an honest man,
Loyal, and resolute, and just,
Who standing long in Freedom's van,
Have never yet betrayed your trust.

Gorham, New Hampshire. SUSAN J. ADAMS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1868.

SHALL THE LOST CAUSE BE REGAINED?

IT is sometimes alleged that the Republican orators and papers dwell too much upon old issues in this campaign, while the election is to be decided upon new ones. But what is the paramount issue of the canvass, and who raised it? It is whether the cause lost in the field shall be regained at the polls. And this question is forced upon the country by the Democratic party, under the control of those who frankly declare that the cause of the rebellion is not lost. Inevitably, therefore, the characters and careers of those who hope to obtain possession of the Government become the important subjects of consideration.

If the Democratic party had said that, acquiescing in the results of the war, and accepting the reconstruction of the Union by Congress as a settled fact, it would make the best of it, and had asked power upon the promise of greater economy, and of taking no step except in the most legal and peaceful manner, and had then nominated men whose names and words were a vindication of its sincerity, the canvass would necessarily have been conducted very differently.

But what are the facts? The strongest candidate in the Convention was Mr. PENDLETON, an original secessionist and repudiator. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, his lieutenant, one of the most notoriously disloyal men in the country, put Mr. PENDLETON'S scheme of public dishonor into the resolutions. He and his chief opposed the war, and hoped the rebellion would succeed. But it failed, and the next service they could do for the late rebels was to refuse to pay the cost of subduing them. This is the financial policy of the party. Should it prevail the country is disgraced by those who tried in vain to destroy it. And of the effort at destruction PENDLETON and VALLANDIGHAM are as guilty as FORREST and HOWELL COBB—each having worked in his own way.

What next? WADE HAMPTON, one of the bitterest of the late rebels, stops at General LEE'S college on his way to the Convention and says that the cause is not lost. He comes into the Convention; is appointed upon the Committee of Resolutions; introduces a declaration that the reconstruction laws are unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void, and the other members pledge themselves to support the declaration to the end. The Convention then nominates for President an opponent of the war, who said that the success of the Government would be as revolutionary as that of the rebellion, and for Vice-President an ex-Union soldier, not because of that fact, but because he had just vehemently demanded that the Executive, without even consulting Congress or the Supreme Court, should by force overthrow the reconstructed governments in the Southern States. The Convention thus absolutely controlled by the most resolute rebels and the most reckless repudiators adjourns. The Southern States are instantly aflame with the speeches of the most violent of the rebel chiefs, who can not restrain the expression of their intense hatred for the political organization of loyal men that conducted the war to a successful end, and which has founded reconstruction upon equal rights. They exultingly affirm that the election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR will give them the success which they missed in the field. RAPHAEL SEMMES, FORREST, JOHN FORSYTH, ALBERT PIKE—the most malignant enemies of the Union and of equal rights, assert either that they still hate the Union or that the rebellion was a defense of the Constitution. VALLANDIGHAM is nominated for Congress, PENDLETON is the chosen hero of the canvass. The party papers that ventured to hope before the Convention met that the party had learned something are kicked into obedience, and pour upon General GRANT a torrent of indecent personal abuse; and grave orators, like Mr. PUGH, denounce reconstruction as an "outrage" to be "upset" by the Democrats, and "if it means war, let it come."

Now, in view of an issue of a violent overthrow of the laws by an Executive elected by those who were lately in open rebellion, and who still glory in it, what can any sane citizen do but address himself directly to the facts? His first duty is to show that this issue is the rebellion under a new face; that the Democratic talk about taxation is merely an appeal to one of the most sensitive public feelings as a means of obtaining power, not for the purpose of diminishing taxes by increasing production, and so making payment easy, but by repudiating them altogether and ruining the national credit. His duty is to show, further, that this power is sought not to pacify the country, but to restore the late rebels to the control of the Southern States, and to disable the loyal population there. In a word, it is his most urgent duty to show that the whole Democratic policy is to undo, as far as possible, every thing that the war has done, and to restore the intolerable situation of affairs before the war began.

And this is what the Republican party, by its orators and papers, is every where showing. They state incontrovertibly that we must first determine whether the reconstruction decreed by those who won in the war shall stand before we consider what the next step shall be. In a free country when a party enters upon a canvass with the declaration that, if successful, it will set aside the most vital and comprehensive laws by force, it raises a simple issue of civil war; and those who permit themselves to be diverted to minor issues, and do not see that this involves all other questions of interest and "pocket," are, however honestly, the Bourbons who learn nothing, and the Antediluvians who didn't believe there was going to be much of a shower. After the experience we have had no one is justified in being deceived.

PROSPECTS.

THE result of the election in Vermont is very significant. It was only a State election, but the majority is almost as large as that of Mr. LINCOLN in 1864. The meaning of such a fact is very evident. It is that the people fully appreciate the gravity of the Presidential canvass, and do not mean to surrender to political intrigue what they refused to hostile arms.

Before every important election there is a curious swaying and fluctuation of public sentiment. The nominations bring every man to a close consideration of the real issues. The ratification meetings, the letters of prominent men, the conspicuous changes from side to side, with the tremendous spouting of the party papers, seem to reveal that the current is setting strongly this way or that; but it is not until later that public opinion is felt to be finally settling. In 1864 the month of August was peculiarly gloomy for the Union party, and there were eminent Union leaders who almost despaired. The Democrats, feeling and seeing this, on the first of September met at Chicago and clamored for surrender to the rebellion. But the Maine election, about the middle of the month, showed how steady was the popular heart, and very soon afterward the result was a foregone conclusion.

At the present time the result would be beyond doubt if the election were to be an honest vote. But there are two disturbing elements, the situation in the Southern States and in the city of New York. The Democratic party has organized in the South for the coercion of the new voters by starvation and terror. There is no militia in those States for the defense of loyal men, and, as every advantage is with those who intend to defeat the legal expression of the popular will, there is reason to fear that they may succeed. Except for this system of terror, which Congress should have foreseen and avoided as far as possible, most of the Southern States would vote for GRANT.

It is further the intention of the Democratic party to cast such a vote in the city of New York that that of the State may be overcome, as in 1862, when HORATIO SEYMOUR was elected Governor by the city vote. The naturalization machinery for manufacturing votes is in the hands of the Democratic party, and the material abounds. The managers will make an unusually desperate effort, in the hope of saving the State for HOFFMAN, even if they can not for SEYMOUR. For a defeat in the State as well as in the country would be the severest blow the Democratic party has received. Tammany Hall, meanwhile, has conquered the rival factions. FERNANDO WOOD and MICHAEL CONNOLLY return to the Wigwam. The Honorable JOHN MORRISSEY could do nothing against the Honorable WILLIAM M. TWEED, at Albany; and, whatever the secret jealousies, the party will put forth its strength, conscious that defeat is destruction.

By the electoral vote of New York and of the Southern States the Democrats hope either to carry the election or to remain a formidable and menacing opposition. Yet the alliance upon which they count is the old one. Formerly it was the combination of Southern slavery and Northern ignorance and meanness; now it is that of the same ignorance and prejudice with the remnants of the old slave power. It talks about peaceful reunion, and draws the sword. It preaches fraternity and good-will, and proposes to trample more than half the population of some States under foot. Vermont sees this. Maine, next week, will show that she sees it. Let New York also see it, and guard against it. The old method of the Democratic alliance is fraud, and fraud can be circumvented only by the most thorough organization. It is in the city of New York, by a huge majority, composed of the most ignorant class in the country, and in the Southern States, by a terrorism imposed by the rebel class, that the Democrats hope to elect Mr. SEYMOUR. Let us, then, organize perfectly. It is not enough to have the votes; we must bring them out, and watch the enemy.

WHAT CAUSES ANARCHY?

IN 1865 President JOHNSON said to Mr. FREDERICK DOUGLASS that if the freedmen in the Southern States were allowed to vote there would be a war of races. Mr. DOUGLASS replied, "Who will begin it?" Upon which his Excellency the President of the United States sagaciously held his tongue. "The march of the human mind," says BURKE, "is slow. Sir, it was not until after two hundred years discovered that by an eternal law Providence had decreed vexation to violence, and poverty to rapine. Your ancestors did, however, at length open their eyes to the ill husbandry of injustice."

Who have always been the injured class in the Southern States, and who have always been the aggressors? When those who held more than a third of the population in slavery went to war to make that slavery more hopeless than ever, the oppressed population conducted themselves with unprecedented moderation and humanity. Every conceivable infamy had been practiced upon them; but when the perpetrators were most exposed the slaves forbore. They were not deceived. They understood the war. Their hearts beat with sympathy for those whose victory was their liberty. The victory came and left them free without a crime.

What was the conduct of the master class, defeated in their attempt to perpetuate slavery, and surrounded by a new class of free citizens? It instantly sought to degrade them into serfs. It enacted Black codes, which established all of slavery but the name. It refused to sell land, so that no freedman could acquire a farm, and became of necessity a vagrant; and then the master class made vagrancy a crime, for which a man could be sold to labor. It denied the freedmen arms and the right of sitting upon juries. In every way the master class showed its malevolence, and treated the colored man a thousandfold worse than Christendom ever treated the Jew. Still the freedmen as a class, although burdened with every disadvantage, did not retaliate, and the war made upon them in private at last culminated in the massacres of New Orleans and Memphis, in which they were mercilessly slaughtered.

Then the Government interfered, and met the haughty refusal of the conquered rebels to accept the Fourteenth Amendment by giving the colored race the defense of the ballot. Thereupon the master class began a coercion, which was still not resisted by the freedmen. They voted, and, with other loyal citizens, framed constitutions which established equal rights, and which, as a rule, were of extraordinary generosity toward those who had outraged them in every way. Under these constitutions the Southern States are organized. And now the master class deliberately declare that the whites alone shall govern, that the black who does not vote for his own disfranchisement shall starve, and that, being of an inferior race, he shall have just such a position as the master class appoints, and no other. And because these free citizens of the United States naturally ask to be enabled to defend their rights, and because in some cases there have been outbreaks, naturally springing from such a situation, the papers that called the murderous and appalling New York riots "an uprising of the people" now exclaim that anarchy impends in the Southern States.

Very well, if it does who are responsible? Those who lawfully and quietly exercise the rights conferred by the people of the United States, or those who propose forcibly to prevent them? Is there a single event in the history of the freedmen which shows that they are likely to resort to forcible assaults upon the lawful rights of the late master class? Is there a single event in the history of that class or a single trait in its character which shows that it would hesitate at any outrage upon the freedmen? If anarchy is now impending in the Southern States it is due to the spirit and conduct of those who caused rebellion to be impending there eight years ago. It is not the friends but the foes of justice and equal rights who are the authors of anarchy any where in this republic.

THE TAMMANY CANDIDATE.

THE State Democratic Convention at Tweddle Hall, in Albany, was not a wholly happy family. Tammany Hall, as was expected, nominated its candidate; but Tammany Hall was portrayed by Mr. S. D. MORRIS, of the Brooklyn delegation, in a series of vigorous touches that were more true than flattering. Mr. MURPHY was defeated by the New York ring; but he was avenged by Mr. MORRIS. Revenge, however, is all that he will receive. It is men like those who compose the Tammany ring who control the Democratic party. They are glad to use the abilities and the character of gentlemen like Mr. HENRY C. MURPHY, but they will not promote them unless those gentlemen will become their tools. In vain Mr. MURPHY, in the Constitutional Convention, argued for "the natural inferiority" of the negro race; in vain, in the State Senate, he has been a faithful party leader; in vain, in the National Convention, as chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, he pledged himself to WADE HAMPTON to support the "revolutionary and void" clause to the end; in vain he had the momentary distinction of reporting the platform; in vain the Saratoga campaign; in vain the fraternization of the Honorable JOHN MORRISSEY. Mr. MURPHY, one of the most conspicuous, capable, and estimable men of his party, was not agreeable to the Tammany Ring, and is not their candidate for Governor, and will not be their candidate for Senator.

"The clique that controls Tammany," exclaimed Mr. MORRIS in the Convention, "seek only their own aggrandizement, and care nothing for the country, nor even for the Democratic party, further than it will contribute to their selfish ends. They have made up their minds to control the entire power and patronage of the State, and if SEYMOUR is elected, they hope to grasp that of the whole United States—and what then? Democratic speakers now declaim to the masses about the corruption and extravagance of the Republicans, and it is a strong point; but suppose the Tammany clique, with its unfinished Court-house and its thousand other schemes of robbery and plunder, controlled the political power of the State and nation—with what face could any honest man talk about corruption in the Opposition party?" Mr. MORRIS warned the people of the interior of the State "to beware how they helped to extend the sway of that corrupt oligarchy: ere they were aware of it they would be gobbled up. If fair play could not do it, trickery would."

This is a Democratic portrait of the Tammany Ring, which has just nominated in the Convention one of its most active members, Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, for Governor. The Democratic party of New York was formerly controlled by the Albany Regency, of which MARTIN VAN BUREN, WILLIAM L. MARCY, and AZARIAH C. FLAGG were the chiefs. It is now regulated by the Tammany Ring, of which WILLIAM M. TWEED, PETER B. SWEENEY, and JOHN T. HOFFMAN are managers. If the people of the State are anxious to extend the operations of this Ring they will vote for Mr. HOFFMAN. If they wish a State government wholly independent of cliques and in harmony with the National Administration, they will vote for JOHN A. GRISWOLD.

WHAT GENERAL LONGSTREET SAYS.

DURING the war there was no more resolute soldier of the rebellion than General LONGSTREET. When the rebellion was defeated he honestly accepted the decision he had invoked, and relinquished all further expectation or design of saving a "lost cause." For that reason he has had no quarter from the Democratic leaders; while WADE HAMPTON, notoriously one of the most persistent rebel chiefs, who declares that he yet expects to see the cause triumph, is one of the most eminent Democratic managers. The acceptance of the situation in good faith is something which Democracy can not pardon to a late rebel. It reserves its acclamation for the man who comes into its Convention and says, "Now, gentlemen, we expect you to win what we lost."

In March, 1867, General LONGSTREET wrote a letter in which he advised the late rebels "to accept the terms that are now offered us by the conquerors......We made an honest and I hope I may say a creditable fight, but we have lost ......Let us come forward, then, and accept the ends involved in the struggle......Our people earnestly desire that the constitutional government shall be re-established; and the only

means to accomplish this is to comply with the requirements of the recent congressional legislation......Let us accept the terms as we are in duty bound to do, and if there is a lack of good faith let it be upon others." If any Democratic orator has made so sensible a speech as that we have not seen it.

General Longstreet now says that he has had no trouble with the freedmen as laborers; that the jury question can be easily enough settled if "a district is disposed to do right;" and that the whites of the South know that the talk about "negro supremacy" is gammon. Upon these points General Longstreet is quite as good an authority as Robert Toombs, or Howell Cobb, or Horatio Seymour, or Isaiah Rynders.

The General further says that in his opinion the election of Seymour "will re-open all the old issues, and we shall have trouble." General Longstreet has evidently read General Blair's letter and the resolutions of the Democratic Convention, and he has observed that the spirit of Hampton and Blair absolutely rules the Democratic party. He therefore says that "Grant is my man."

So says General Longstreet—so says every man who honestly rebelled and who has honestly surrendered.

GENERAL ROSECRANS AND GENERAL LEE.

One of the lighter comedies of the canvass is the exchange of letters between General Rosecrans and the ex-rebel Generals Lee, Beauregard, and others. General Lee, whose whole career shows him to be one of the weakest of men, and whose treachery to the Government was not less contemptible than odious, is saluted by General Rosecrans in these words: "I know you are a representative man in reverence and regard for the Union, the Constitution, and the welfare of the country." The General then asks the representative man to tell him the public opinion of "the South." Conferring with other representative men, like Beauregard, of "beauty and booty" renown, General Lee replies in a series of statements which shows that he is not familiar with the recent history of the Southern States. Indeed, a grosser misrepresentation of familiar public facts has not been made.

But one assertion is peculiarly amusing in view of the expulsion of the Georgia colored members, of the Ku-Klux Klan, of the address of the South Carolina Committee, and of Wade Hampton's scheme of Democratic voting or starvation. It is the remark of General Lee that "the idea that the Southern people are hostile to the negroes and would oppress them if it were in their power to do so is entirely unfounded. They have grown up in our midst, and we have been accustomed from childhood to look upon them with kindness." The paddle, the auction-block, and the blood-hound were the emblems of this kindness before the war; the Black Codes and the massacres, since.

This letter of General Lee is put forth as a Democratic campaign document, and it is one of the feeblest conceivable.

WEST POINT.

In our notice, published in May last, of the "Biographical Register of the Officers and Graduates of the United States Military Academy at West Point," by Major-General George W. Cullum—who had been connected with the Institution as Graduate, Instructor, Engineer, and Superintendent—we referred to the efforts of Mr. Calhoun, in 1818, then Secretary of War under President Monroe, as being the commencement of that active and improved policy which, in connection with the services of General—then Major—Thayer, had elevated the Institution into the condition necessary for imparting the highest skill. The publication of a second edition of General Cullum's able work, from the press of D. Van Nostrand, 192 Broadway, containing many critical notices of it, induces us to recur to the subject. The book possesses a very deep interest to all the graduates of the Institution, and we may well be proud of the eminence which their history bestows upon West Point. To all libraries it will constitute an important addition, as it presents the main incidents in the lives of over two thousand graduates, some of them destined to almost an immortal renown. The war through which the country has just passed has this among the advantages which it can set off against some of its evils, that it has established West Point upon a secure footing—a result which may be largely traced to the powerful influence of General Thayer, who, released from the duties of his profession as a soldier, lives, at the advanced age of about eighty-three years, in Massachusetts, devoting himself as earnestly to the benefit of his country as he did in the flower of his manhood, when he was impressing upon West Point the character for which it is esteemed.

Major Thayer assumed the duties of Superintendent in July, 1817, a few months after the inauguration of Mr. Monroe, and held the position until July, 1833, only about twenty-seven years in advance of the rebellion. To his great military knowledge, acquired as a student at West Point; by active service in the war of 1812, and in visiting the military establishments of Europe after the European war; to his adhesion to the most perfect discipline; and to his firmness, precision, and unequaled capacity as a Superintendent, are due the great excellence which the Institution reached and still retains. The Administration of Mr. Monroe aided him with its confidence and support. Mr. Calhoun, who had a great talent for administration, established the rules which, with a little enlargement, now prevail at West Point. In February, 1818, he informed Major Thayer "that it is the determination of the Department to aid in elevating the system of discipline, and to create a system of emulation among the cadets;" and adds, "that in future wars the nation must look to the Academy for the skill to conduct valor to victory."

The officers of the army who have graduated from West Point, when placed in positions in which the expenditure of public funds has been required, have almost invariably proved that the influence of West Point has made them "faithful where few are faithful found." If no other service had been rendered by the Institution, this alone would have been a sufficient recompense for the outlay. This effect may be traced to a system of instruction which looks not to the advantage of the individual so much as the safety and honor of the nation. The desire for wealth scarcely enters into the objects of those who are prepared for a life of public duty, with intellectual skill, and in strict accordance with the purest and highest principles of honor. The great soldier who has been named for the Presidency by the Republican party has proved in his life how powerful is the influence of that education. He will have this among other noble recommendations, that the public funds will be safe during his term, and that the views of honor and patriotism which West Point inculcates will be stamped upon his administration of affairs.

The experience of the war just over proved satisfactorily that, in addition to the education which West Point supplies, it is necessary to have schools of application and practice for those officers who, when the term at West Point ends, enter the artillery and the engineer service. Schools of this description to a limited extent have been authorized by Congress, but we perceive that a tract of land of about three hundred acres adjoining our possessions at Fortress Monroe has been recently purchased by the General Government for this purpose; and it is probable, if unfortunately we shall be engaged hereafter in another war of magnitude, that we may from the advantage of the school already in existence, which is to be extended at Fortress Monroe, be able to enter upon the struggle from the start without the serious mistakes which it is conceded were made at the outset of the late contest.

"I can not refrain from observing," said Mr. Calhoun, in one of his reports as Secretary of War, "on a subject of so much importance as the education of those who may be charged with the defense of the country, and on whose skill and fidelity our honor and security must so much depend, that, whatever degree of perfection may be given to the military academy at West Point as an elementary school, yet our military education in the higher branches of the art of war must remain imperfect without a school of *application and practice*. The education of the military academy will be full and complete for officers of infantry; but those who may be promoted into the artillery and the corps of engineers ought to have the means, in a school of application and practice, to complete their theoretical knowledge in the higher branches of the science connected with their profession, and to apply the knowledge acquired to practice."

Officers of great distinction are divided in all countries on the question, whether the system of instruction to be adopted by governments should consist more of early and deep scientific study or of early practical application. These differences depend most generally upon the construction of the mind; for in the higher branches of mathematics students who are not completed are exhausted, and they naturally prefer what is practical to what is theoretical. Whereas those who are able to master the intricacies of mathematics, and to dismiss their control over the intellect, as shown by the remark of the pensioner De Witt, when taunted with forgetfulness of their rules, "They have passed from my memory to my judgment," prove that they possess such a high order of ability as with abundant practice to enable them to form grand combinations and to act with marvelous rapidity.

In England the ascendency of the Classics is established, while in France more attention, and very great attention, is paid to mathematical studies. At West Point the French system in that respect is more followed. The first two years are devoted to the study of it theoretically, and it is more applied in the studies of the third and fourth year. French and Spanish are also taught at our academy. As the employment of a Spanish Professor was not authorized by Congress till 1857, when Mr. Conrad, of Louisiana, was Secretary of War, we presume it had some connection with the acquisition of Mexican provinces. French is taught because many scientific military works are in that language, and because also it is more universally spoken by educated men of all countries than any other.

The subjects of instruction are few and have a direct application to the object—classical studies or those of general literature not being embraced in what is taught. In England more attention is paid to the advantages of a liberal education, while the instruction at West Point, being more special, produces an officer less adorned in some respects but more substantial. Upon graduating the class is divided into three sections founded wholly on their respective degrees of excellence. Those of the first section, as a reward for extraordinary merit, are recommended to the Secretary of War for any corps in the army they may select; the second class, for any corps but the engineers; and the last to the infantry and cavalry branches only.

The standing of each officer is ascertained by examining as well the conduct-roll which relates to discipline, behavior, order, and subordination; as also the results of studies in all the departments of instruction. It will thus be seen that a spirit of emulation is highly excited in moral as well as intellectual duties, and the result is an officer who can be trusted in any station, and who is fitted to become an ornament to his country.

"GREAT STATESMANSHIP."

Recent disclosures have left "the great statesman" in a most ridiculous plight. It will be remembered that in the Democratic Convention Mr. Seymour, in constantly declining the nomination, spoke of the false position in which his acceptance would place the party, and declared that his honor forbade him to accept. When, however, after all this, he accepted, those only were surprised who did not know "the great statesman." Those who did know him were very sure that his letters of last autumn declining to be a candidate were sufficient evidence of his hope and design of securing the nomination.

On the 20th of August Colonel William Brown made a speech in Frankfort, Kentucky, in which he asserted that leading Democrats intended the nomination of Mr. Chase; that a platform agreeable to him was prepared; that Mr. Seymour was one of the warm advocates of the movement, and approved the platform, urged in the New York delegation the nomination of Mr. Chase, and wrote a speech with which to second the nomination.

This, of course, produced a contemptuous denial from the *World*. Upon which Colonel Brown, Alexander Long, and Henry Reed return to the charge with names, dates, and challenges of denial, and finally the platform itself, upon which Mr. Chase was to be nominated, is published. To this detailed and overwhelming declaration the *World* gasps in the most ludicrous manner that Mr. Chase had no claims upon the Democratic party. But to the main question, in regard to "the great statesman," it makes no reply. That question is thus stated by Mr. Henry Reed, the leading editorial writer in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a prominent Democratic paper:

"The question, so far as Mr. Seymour stands affected, is this: Was he dishonest, or merely weak? Was his conduct the result of treachery or imbecility? That Mr. Seymour was either weak or dishonest, that his conduct owed its origin either to treachery or imbecility, is a thing so palpable as to forbid denial. His act was that of a knave or of a fool; and that knave or fool—whichever it may have been—of no common magnitude. It is not complimentary to Mr. Seymour, when his apologists can only maintain his integrity at the expense of his understanding, and his understanding at the expense of his integrity. It is not fortunate for a party to be committed to a candidate in respect to whose character there is a question which can only be answered by an impeachment of either his intellectual or his moral fitness for the place to which it seeks his elevation."

Mr. Reed defines the nomination of Mr. Seymour by the action of certain Ohio delegates, and of Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, Mr. Benjamin Wood, Mr. Peter B. Sweeny, and Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, of New York—all of whom are noted and ardent friends of political purity and public economy—as a "*coup de thimble-rig.*"

How beautiful is "great statesmanship!"

THE "CHASE PLATFORM."

The platform upon which certain Democrats in New York and elsewhere hoped to nominate Mr. Chase is now published. It is adroitly written, and, although of no practical service, suggests one or two observations.

The platform does not state frankly the application of its principles to the actual situation. It declares for equal rights and exact justice for all men, that slavery ought not to be restored, and that the broadest basis of suffrage is the best. But then it says that this question must be left to the States, without national interference. Very well; but how about the reconstructed States? Is the declaration to be retroactive? Are the present organizations to be overthrown, or are they acknowledged? This is the very issue of the canvass, and the platform intentionally evades it. Mr. Chase, however, was unequivocally committed upon this point. He had acknowledged to the new voters themselves the right of the national authority, under the circumstances, to enfranchise them. He could not honestly have accepted the platform without distinctly stating this fact.

Then the platform declares for the honest fulfillment of all public obligations, but asserts that creditors have no right to special favor in the interpretation of the laws. Certainly they have not. But the expression used is point-no-point. Mr. Chase has plainly said the Five-Twenties must be redeemed in gold, and not in greenbacks. The Republican platform denounces every form of repudiation, and demands payment according to the spirit as well as the letter. The Democratic platform declares that the letter is quite enough. The platform we are considering evades this question also.

These are the only important points in the platform, and these are wholly obscure. The protest against centralization, the demand for economy and reduction of the army and navy, the amusing generality about labor and the laborer, are words merely. The essential difference of this platform from the Democratic is its virtual declaration in favor of universal suffrage. Had it been adopted, the policy of the party in the Southern States must have been the ballot for the freedmen. The amazing fact is that any intelligent New York politicians should have supposed that the Democratic party, the bulk of which, as the framers of this platform know, is composed of the late slaveholding rebel class at the South and the most ignorant and prejudiced negro-haters at the North, would have taken for its platform a declaration of equal rights, and for its candidate the most radical abolition statesman. And if those who drew the resolutions were willing to do this there is no good reason why they should not vote for General Grant.

A FRENCH FRIEND.

Edward Laboulaye, who thoroughly understood the war, as fully comprehends the present political situation. We are allowed to copy a few sentences from one of his letters to an American friend:

"I saw, without regret, the acquittal of Mr. Johnson. The respect for justice shown in his trial has raised Americans in the judgment of the world; and, on the other hand, the acquittal by one majority has condemned Mr. Johnson before the same tribunal. And now the election of a new President to execute the laws of Congress approaches, I need not tell you that all my wishes are for General Grant. The wisdom and humanity shown by him during the war, his respect for law, his capacity for affairs, prove him wholly worthy to stand among the successors of Washington. I am sure that with him you will have enduring peace. The South has learned both to honor and to fear General Grant, and his Presidency will complete the reconstruction of the Union."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

New Hampshire has materially altered her naturalization laws, so that the "manufacture of voters" is not so easy a process as formerly.

The latest novelty in the list of inventions is a coffin which enables a person buried alive by mistake to dig himself out! The inventor had such faith in his work that he allowed himself to be buried in one of his coffins, and, after being in the ground two hours, resurrected himself in a manner which would have utterly astounded that "model agriculturist" Jerry Cruncher, in "A Tale of Two Cities." Of course it is patented, and at last there is a tax on death.

The United States Marshal for Kentucky can not enforce the execution of processes of the courts in that State, and the Secretary of War has intimated to him that he is entitled to the aid of the military.

The colored men in the Georgia House of Representatives were declared ineligible on September 4, and twenty-five of them at once withdrew. The defeated candidates in the election were admitted.

New York is to be more than ever the Paradise of Aldermen. All the Common Councilmen have been promoted, by a bill of the Legislature passed last session, and just signed by the Governor, to be Assistant Aldermen, and the Board of Councilmen has been abolished. If this is a step in the direction of creating an independent, active, energetic, and effective board for the government of the city, in organization, like the Metropolitan Police and Health Boards, Governor Fenton will be thanked for signing the bill.

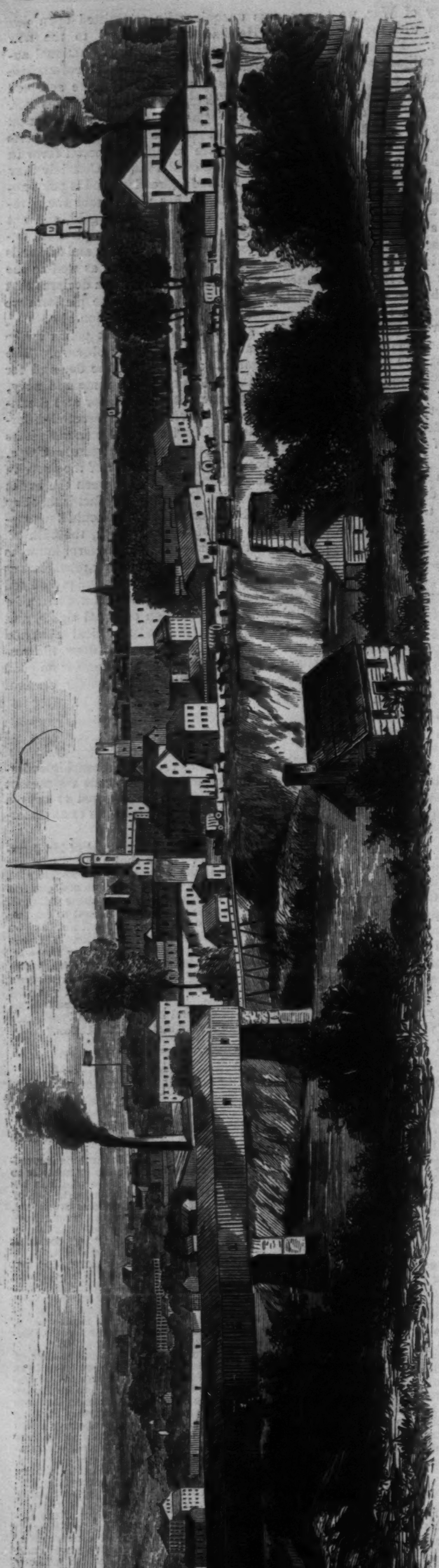
We remarked in our last issue that a decided change in the vote of Vermont in the State election of September 1 would be indicative of the result in the coming Presidential contest. There was a decided change, and in the right direction. The majority of the Republicans is about 27,000, a gain of about 8000 votes.

Alexander H. Stephens, in a recent conversation, said that "he knew Grant personally very well, and that he was a remarkable man, of decided military genius, indomitable energy, and determined will—just the man for a *coup d'état* which would merge the republic into an empire." He might have added, without fear of the contradiction which the last part of his sentence is sure to provoke, that his experience at Fort Donelson and Shiloh proved that he was just the man to merge defeats into victories. General Rosecrans, who has lately been hobnobbing with Mr. Stephens, could have assured him of that from his experience at Chattanooga, where Grant saved Rosecrans's army from annihilation after the defeat at Chickamauga.

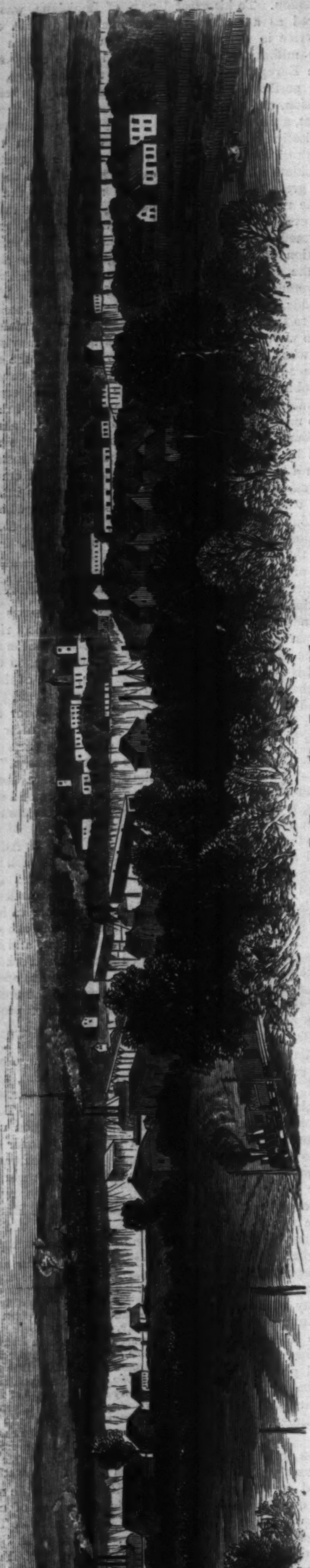
FOREIGN NEWS.

By the new treaty with Nicaragua the right of transit from ocean to ocean is granted, and a free port opened at each end of the route.

There was a significant scene in the Nova Scotia Assembly on September 3. Attorney-General Wilkins made a violent speech against the confederation with Canada, in which he declared that if redress is not given before the next session the people will appoint a collector of their own and have the dues paid into the local treasury, and if necessary they will appeal to another nation. Such an uproar ensued at the conclusion of the speech that the Speaker declared the Assembly adjourned. The next day a resolution repealing the ordinance by which Nova Scotia became part of the Dominion was passed with only two dissenting votes: and the Province is now "out of the Union"—in fact "seceded."



[CITY OF COLUMBUS, GEORGIA.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 597.]



CITY OF AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 597.]

CITY OF MACON, GEORGIA.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 597.]

COLUMBUS, GEORGIA.

Columbus, before the war, was one of the most thriving cities in Georgia. The cotton factories that gave very considerable wealth and importance to the place were nearly all destroyed by General Wilson at the time of his raid. This destruction was the occasion of very great suffering to the operatives, the majority of whom were females and of Northern origin.

It is situated on the Chattahoochee, and is handsomely and regularly laid out. The population is over 10,000.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

Augusta, of which we give an illustration on page 596, is a handsome city of Georgia, located on the Savannah River, 120 miles from its mouth. It has at this time about 15,000 inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing, not only in population but in prosperity and beauty.

MACON, GEORGIA.

The little city of Macon is one of the most important towns in the State of Georgia, and one of the most picturesque. It is the capital of Bibb County, situated on the west bank of the Ocmulgee River, and at the head of steamboat navigation. It is connected by important railroads with Columbus and Augusta. The surroundings of the city make up one of its most beautiful features. The principal residences of the city are built on a light range of hills lying back from the river, while the business part covers the lower lands or basin on the levee. In 1855 the city was largely interested in the cotton trade, and engaged to considerable extent in manufactures. It has grown up to its dimensions as given since 1822, the year of its settlement, the increase being very rapid for a Southern city. During the late war it was of great importance to the rebels on account of the manufactories located there; and Jefferson Davis once alluded to it as "one of the chief arsenals and granaries of the Confederacy." A Richmond paper published during the war once called it the "National Armory and Central Laboratory of the Confederate States." The city was captured by General Sherman in his march to the sea. It was in an attempt to capture it that General Stoneman was captured in July, 1864.

"SO WE MADE AN AFTERNOON OF IT," ETC.

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

Few readers of these pages will remember the old jail of —— County. But in that day it was the wonder of gaping boyhood and adult verdancy for many a mile. I have often stopped before the door of the court-house and looked with interest on the faces of the boys that stood gazing up at the grated windows, and heard with eagerness their whispered remarks to each other on the frowning and gloomy look of the walls and bars. I say with interest and eagerness, for in my boyhood I had looked with just such eyes on the old court-house and jail in my native village. And I well remember my awe and terror when one day my kind friend Mr. R——, one of the leading members of the bar of the State, took me with him into the county court, then sitting for the trial of some petty offenders.

I found Ashmun in a comfortable room, well furnished; and when I entered he was overhauling a pile of books which the deputy-sheriff had brought to him.

"Good-morning, my dear Blackstone. Do you know now, if you had not come at this moment, I might have been in a condition to dispense with your services for the future? I sent Mr. Deputy-Sheriff for some books. He has brought me a supply. Look at them. Wouldn't I have been an accomplished lawyer before I had finished the half of them?"

I laughed as I glanced at the array of authorities which the man had selected to amuse his prisoner, but demanded of my client how he came to be in that position.

"Ask the sheriff. He keeps me here."

"But what is the charge?"

"Murder."

I started—not so much at the answer as at the tone, which I recognized as the index to my client's most furious disposition.

"Murder?" I echoed.

"Ay, murder. They say I killed a wretch that was found dead in the highway near the town."

"And did you?"

"Cool, that, upon my word. Did I? Mr. Sheriff's deputy, do us the favor to place the oak between us. Mr. Blackstone is my adviser, and we must be alone. Wait a moment, Blackstone, till I see if the jailer is out of ear-shot. Did I kill the dog? you asked. Well, then, I did."

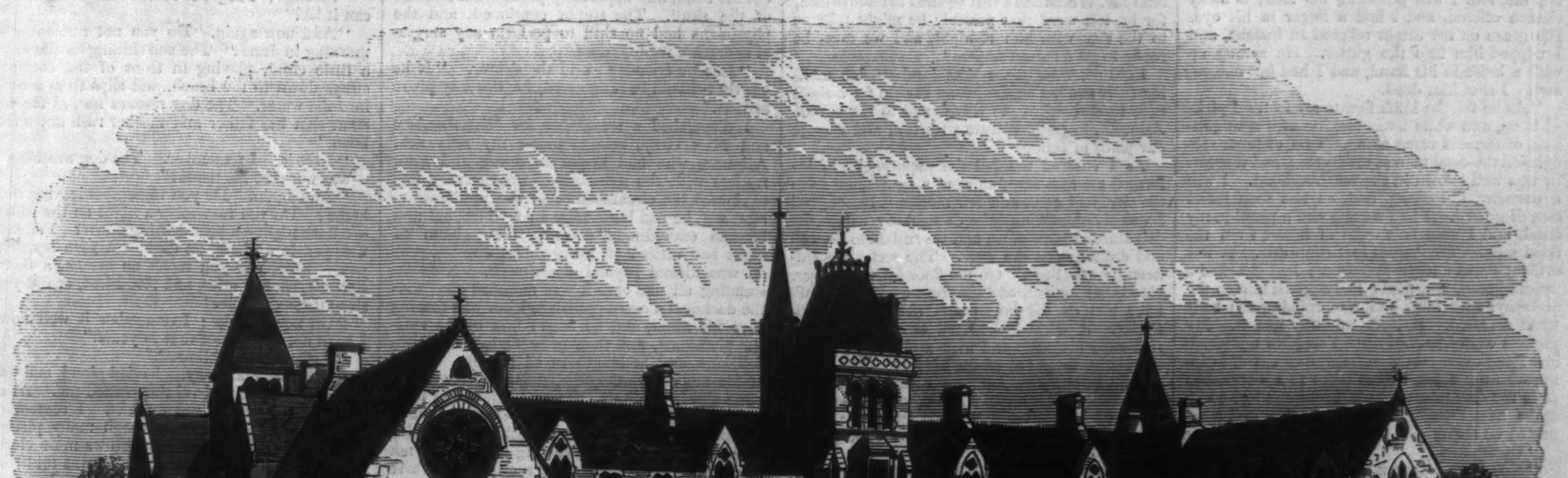
The matter looked serious, and I drew a chair toward the fire and sat down, silently eying my companion and awaiting his explanation.

"He was the villain you cleared in —— last month. The story is rather long, but you must hear it all. Take a cigar; I have no pipes, nor wine. The county authorities, it appears, claim a right to control the morals of all their prisoners, even the unconvicted, and I drink nothing but water here. Perhaps it is as well, for my brain is remarkably clear; and if you will listen I think I can now give you the clew to a discovery, and the same history will aid you to advise me as to my present position.

"When I left the court-room in New York I waited at the door to see your client, who I knew would be acquitted with such a witness in his favor as I saw he had. Once on the track of Gordon I determined to follow him like a hound. The crowd that came out of the court-room concealed him from me till the moment he passed me. Your man was near him, and I heard them mutter an appointment for the evening. I followed the man, assured that he was my safest tool to deal with. Something about the man pleased me too. He looked like a bold fellow, and the devil in his eye was just what I liked. I doubted my ability to buy him, and so concluded to cheat him. I had my rough coat on, and following him at fifty paces distance I turned up the legs of my trowsers, browned my face with a piece of bark that I picked up on the sidewalk, pushed my collar under my cravat, and dipped my boots in the first mud-hole I could find. The disguise was not perfect, but well enough for the occasion, and I staggered after my man now more closely than before. His course was direct to a sailors' boarding-house in —— Street, and as he turned to the door-steps I accosted him. He looked at me, but made no reply, and entered the door, while I followed and fell into a chair near the bar, calling for some liquor.

"Just out of prison, penniless, and friendless, I was sure that he had not yet been supplied with money by his employer; and I judged rightly in supposing he would be ready to drink with any one who would pay for it. I poured four glasses of liquor into the large sand-box on the floor, while he poured as many down his throat, and they began now to tell on him. So we made an afternoon of it, and by evening he was as drunk as a fool, and as much of a fool as most drunken men. I got out of him the particulars of his appointment for the evening, and resolved to supply his place in the interview, come what might out of it. He knew he was drunk, and I easily persuaded him to let me do so. The hour was nine. The place in the darkest part of —— Alley, whence they were to go to some room known only to Gordon.

"I went, leaving Thompson asleep in his bed. I again feigned drunkenness, and staggered against Gordon in the alley-way. I had learned enough from Thompson to be able to personate him in the dark, and his voice was easily done. Gordon was deceived. How easily I might have killed him then, and who would have suspected me? But my object was not to kill him. I only wanted to find my child—the child of my lost Eve. So I talked little, refused to go with him, intimated that I had had enough to do with him, had run great risks for little reward, and sundry



NEW WESLEYAN COLLEGE, BELFAST, IRELAND.—[See Page 605.]

drunken demands to know what more he wanted brought him to the point. Imagine my horror as his plans began to unfold themselves. I can not explain to you by what process of reasoning I arrived at my knowledge. His explanations were reserved and cautious, but I was not the ignorant sailor he thought he was talking with, and he was not as careful as he would have been had he known I was neither stupid by nature nor drunk at the time.

"Blackstone, listen to me. The scoundrel has planned precisely as I told you the last evening that I saw you. He knows that I have made a will in favor of Eve, if she can be found. He knows where she is. Her will is made; and although she is not yet of age he will conceal that, and no one will be able to date her birth. He will kill her next, and the inheritance will be his!"

"Impossible!"

"So you said before. I tell you, Blackstone, I know those things of those two brothers to have conceived which were enough to damn an archangel, yet which they did boldly. I was not shocked, as you are, when I learned his fiendish plan, or heard him speak of its previous failures. I was cool, calm, apparently drunk when it flashed upon me in all its hideousness, and I unraveled its details with a skill that would have done honor to a lawyer. Yes, I did. He did not dream that I understood him. But as he instructed me in my part I listened and made rapid deductions.

"First of all I was to come to this village and find Whitstone, who was to give me a direction by which to find the person to whom this letter is directed. That person found, I was to present the letter; and the next course to be pursued is indicated in the letter."

"Have you read it?"

"Of course not. It is sealed. He told me enough to indicate all. I was to bring some one to the city with me. To meet him at the —— House, and receive further instructions. So we parted.

"You may imagine that I felt myself very sure of my object now. I returned to my own house, assumed a more perfect disguise, and rejoined Thompson on his awaking in the morning. I had thought of attempting to buy him, but I gave it up. He seemed ashamed of his drunken frolic, and when I told him that he had sent me to meet his employer he was apparently frightened. I gave him briefly the particulars of the interview, told him I had personated him to save him from blame, and showed him the letter which was to be delivered in this place, and offered to accompany him on the errand. He seemed to be satisfied, and we left town together and traveled very comfortably till within five miles of this place.

"We had taken a carriage at N——, and I was driving. Thompson had been very quiet for an hour, and I began to fancy there was a look of distrust in his eye. As we entered a piece of woods he suddenly turned to me and said, 'You are no sailor.'

"'Why not?'

"'You drive too well. I never saw a sailor hold a rein like that.'

"'Show me how you would hold them,' said I, offering them to him.

"'So,' said he, furiously grasping them with one hand, and laying the whole of the long lash across the backs of the horses, who sprang like lightning at the stroke. The next instant he turned them into the gutter at the road-side, overthrew the entire establishment, lighted on his feet of course, but seized me by the throat before I could pick myself up out of the heap of brush into which I was thrown. It was a short fight. He was the stouter, I the most agile. He was choking me, and I was pounding his face; a lucky chance offered, and I had a finger in his eye. His grasp on my throat relaxed an instant, and I tripped him into the gutter. He sprang up with a knife in his hand, and I had but one resort. I shot him dead.

"As he fell the knife flew to my feet. I picked it up, and while I was looking at it a wagon-load of farmers came along. One of them recognized the dead man as his brother, and it seems he was well known in the neighborhood. I was a stranger, ill-looking, and, as was soon found out, disguised. I had a knife and a pistol in my hand, and I bore no marks of injury from the dead man. The horses had run away. It was evident I was a highway-robber; had attacked a peaceful man, unarmed; had stopped him on the highway, shot him, and was robbing his body when arrested. It looks mightily like it. My pockets were searched, and I suppose my watch and some other costly trifles, rather out of keeping with my dress, helped them to a conclusion as to my character; and as I refused to give any name, here I am, waiting your advice, and committed on a charge of murder."

"Committed?"

"No, I suppose not strictly committed, because not yet examined. But I have been here four days, and by this time Gordon must be in a tempest. I am glad you are here, for what is to be done must be done quickly. We are near the point of discovery if we are but cautious and swift. I have sent for you because I am a prisoner and helpless."

"Have you seen Whitstone?"

"I have not."

"Send for him."

In ten minutes my old friend Mr. Whitstone entered. He seemed to be as sharp as ever.

"What might you wish of me, Sir?" said he to the supposed sailor.

"Why, you see, Sir, this here charge of murder is a pretty serious one, and I haven't exactly an idee what to do about it. I sent for a city lawyer, and he's here this morning. But he says I must hang. Now I mustn't. You can fix it for me. What I want is to see the person that letter is directed to."

Whitstone started and looked at me. He recognized me immediately, and saw that the matter was serious.

"So you got this out of his pocket after killing him, did you?"

"I got that from the man that wrote it."

"Who was he?"

"You knows him, of course, Mr. Whitstone. He told us, you see, to come up here and see you, and ask where this person lived, and take and deliver this letter ourselves with our own hands. Now I knows that whomsoever it is that they'll help a poor fellow in trouble for the Captain's sake, and I want to see them."

"Let me have the letter and I'll deliver it to-day."

"Close at hand," thought I.

"No you don't; I wants to see the person. It's directed to Mr. Jamison. But I knows as well as you that it's a woman, and I must see her. She'll take care of me. Besides, if you don't bring her I'll send the letter to some one in New York as will pay well for it."

Whitstone was in a quandary. Ashmun finished him with a blow.

"Come, old fellow, it's no use bothering yourself. Gordon's folks must stand by me in trouble or I'll not stick to him. I'm in the market now, and the man that bids first will buy me, and it'll be too late to bid higher when I'm struck off. Mr. Blackstone yonder shall know all I know if I ain't helped somehow."

"I'll be back in an hour," said Whitstone, abruptly leaving the room.

"You'd better," said Ashmun, laughing.

I followed Whitstone from the jail, and set a young man whom I had brought with me on his track. Ten minutes afterward they rode out of town, one not far behind the other, and my young man soon brought me intelligence that he had gone to a house in the country some miles off, whose inhabitants, he had learned, were two young ladies with a housekeeper and servants. The ladies were boarders. One was named Susan Gray; of the other he could not learn the name. Susan Gray I knew, and I could claim acquaintance with her. Ten minutes after this intelligence reached me I saw from my window the return of Mr. Whitstone alone. He went into the jail, where he announced that a person would call on Ashmun in the evening, who would communicate with Gordon on his behalf.

Toward evening I rode out to call on Susan Gray. My excuse was my desire to know of her welfare, having become accidentally acquainted with her at the time of her grandfather's death.

She was exceedingly beautiful in the deep mourning she was wearing, and expressed her pleasure at seeing me in such an earnest way that I could not but admire and love her.

It appeared that she was living in a house which belonged to her uncle, whom she described as a merchant in England. His name was Jamison. He had been kind to her grandfather, though she had never seen him until since the old man's death, when he had come to America, bringing his own daughter with him.

At this I began to see the end of our search. Her uncle was, of course, my witness, Joseph Gordon, though how he had succeeded in passing for the uncle of Susan Gray I could not understand. This daughter of his was probably the object of our search, brought most opportunely from England at the very time to fall into our hands.

"Where is your uncle now?"

"He was here this morning, but has gone into town with Mr. Whitstone. He came up suddenly last week, hearing that his man was killed, and that we had failed to receive his letters. And Mr. Whitstone's visit seemed to disturb him, for he left word that possibly he might take us to the city with him to-night, and we must be ready to go on short notice."

I did not wait to see Miss Jamison, but making their sudden departure an excuse for a short call, I returned to the village and to the cell of Ashmun, to communicate with him and change our plans of action.

As I entered the jail the deputy-sheriff informed me that Mr. Jamison, a gentleman from the city, had gone in a few moments before, and I was about retiring, when a loud cry within the jail startled both of us, and we rushed to the cell and dashed open the door. The scene was sufficiently appalling. On the floor lay a stranger, bloody, disfigured, and gasping, while Ashmun's knee was on his breast and his grasp on his throat. A fiend looked out of his eyes as he tightened his hold, and with a desperate plunge the victim sought to escape his impending doom.

At our entrance Ashmun seemed to recover his senses and sprang to his feet, while his antagonist slowly recovered himself, and I looked at my client for an explanation before I recognized the face of his foe.

"The wretch! See his accursed countenance! Does he not look like the hound he is? Villain, where is my child? Ay, dog, my child! Eve was my wife—before men and God my wife! Long before any of your abhorred name knew her, or cursed her with hypocritical love, she was married to me. You did not know that? But since it has come to this I tell you it was so. You lied in your throat then when you said I stole her, when you called me thief. For that I struck you. For that I would have choked your small soul out of your vile body had not these entered."

The other stood trembling and half fainting before him, and at length sank into a chair and begged for a glass of water, in a faint, husky voice. This revived him, and he now seemed to gather courage from our presence.

"You shall suffer for this."

"Shall I? If you utter one other word of that sort I will kill you where you stand."

"Mr. Sheriff, listen to him," said the other, shrinking behind the deputy, and shielding himself from Ashmun's rage. "Listen to him, and remember this. I will go to a magistrate immediately."

"Ha, ha! a threat that likely to frighten a man in prison and charged with murder!"

"Good. I thank you for reminding me. I'll hang you. By ——, I'll hang you!" And he walked toward the door.

"Stop," said Ashmun, laying his hand on his shoulder.

Gordon stopped, and fairly shook with terror as that iron hand fell on him.

"Stop, and look at me. In my face, man, not at my buttons. Look in my eyes. So! that is something like. Now mark me. I know you, Joseph Gordon, and your whole life. Let me whisper in your ear. Lean closer......and you will hang if I but name it. Did you ever dream I knew it? Scoundrel, I have every evidence I need. Hang me! Look to yourself, Mr. Gordon; and by Him that made me, unless I know this night where to find Eve, I will speak the word."

It was a curious sight to see the eyes of those two men fixed in eternal hatred each on the other. Gordon's gaze drooped first, and he stepped a pace back hesitatingly, then suddenly drew a pistol, and with a quick aim full at the breast of Ashmun pulled the trigger, but not so quick as to prevent the blow that Ashmun leveled at him with his tremendous fist, striking with all the force of Acestes. That blow sounds now in my ears. It was a dull, crushing, bloody blow. It felled the strong man like a log, dashing his head on the stone floor, and as he fell the pistol in his grasp was discharged, and the ball passed through Ashmun's breast. He staggered against the wall, where he supported himself for a moment, and then sank slowly to the floor, and a horrible silence was now where but a moment ago was such a fury of words.

The jailer and myself stood looking at each other, and at the men on the floor. It was a strange scene. The poor deputy-sheriff had no experience in this sort of thing, and I but little more. I roused him from his fit of terror to help me lift them to beds, and send for a surgeon without delay. There was a heap of bedding on the floor, out of which I extracted two pallets on which to lay them, and the jailer hastened for surgical aid. He was gone a long time, or it seemed long to me, shut in that dismal cell with two dead bodies; for Ashmun had fainted, and the two lay as if they were dead, and I feared that unless some aid should arrive soon they would neither of them revive. The surgeons at length came: two doctors, frightened at the scene quite out of what little wit and skill they had possessed. Each one readily assented to the propositions of the other, and these were so various and contradictory that I soon found I could guide them myself, and must take the responsibility. So I begged the one to look after Mr. Jamison's skull, while I examined with the other the bullet-hole in the breast of Ashmun.

I readily took off his coat and vest by cutting with my knife whatever obstructed their easy removal, and then putting back his shirt I found an inner vest of silk, and in that a concealed pocket, from which fell a miniature. The dull eye of the surgeon failed to see it as I secured it and placed it in the pocket of another part of the dress. But a glance showed me a face of rare and glorious beauty. It was a face to worship with even just such idolatry as his. I could pardon it after seeing that. The usual means restored consciousness to Ashmun, but Jamison—or Gordon, as I should call him—remained insensible. The blow of Ashmun, heavy as it was, would not have been fatal; but his fall had cut his head, and apparently produced a fracture of the skull. The stupor continued, and the physicians had no skill to perform any surgical operation for his relief.

"Has he friends?" said the doctor. "If he has they should be summoned, for this may prove serious."

I dispatched a messenger for Miss Jamison and Miss Gray, and resumed my seat near Ashmun, who had begun to move, and grow restless with the sensation of weakness. I had explained the circumstance of the miniature to him, and he had been quiet for a while, but now became exceedingly uneasy. The gloom of night had settled on every thing, and the prison was dismal beyond description. Notwithstanding all our care it was manifest that with the darkness a corresponding gloom was coming over his mind, and he began first to see curious phantoms, and then grew flighty, and then delirious, and at length raved terribly. Many of his fancies were queer, many startling, and some almost sublime. He saw chiefly the faces of old friends, and when they came crowding around him he would laugh and joke and play with them, and sometimes sing wild songs, not always in the same language, nor in two or three languages only. It was strange, marvelous, so much so that the surgeon who had remained, and who had imagined him only a poor devil charged with murder, was astonished, and at length whispered to me, "Who is he, Sir, if I may venture to ask?" "I can not tell you," was my reply; "but save his life, and I will see you amply rewarded."

The feverish delirium passed away, and he sank into a stupor, during which the young ladies entered, and hastened to the side of Gordon, who continued insensible. They shrank with horror from Ashmun, for they believed him the unprovoked murderer of their only protector.

As they entered I looked up for a moment at Miss Jamison, thinking sadly that this was the end, and a fitting end, to the strange, mad search which my poor friend has so long pursued. At length I saw Eve Ashmun, the myth of whom I had heard so much. For of course I had no doubt that the tall and queenly-looking girl who looked around for her supposed father was the daughter of his foe.

She was certainly very beautiful. Her hair was black, flowing back from a forehead of surpassing purity. But the eye I did not like. It was blue, beautiful, but bad. Could Eve Gray have had such an eye? It changed all my ideas of her. But I had only an instant for these thoughts, as she drew back with an expression of horror from Ashmun's bed toward Gordon. I left Ashmun, and turned to aid them in their efforts for Gordon. For a half hour we had exerted ourselves with some success, for consciousness seemed returning, when I turned to look at my friend. He sat upright in bed, gazing with wild, agonizing eyes across the room. I followed his gaze, and saw Susan Gray standing at the head of Joseph Gordon, her right hand on his forehead, which she bathed, while the glare of the lamp shone on her exquisitely beautiful face. Then, for the first time, I saw its startling resemblance to the miniature; and as the idea flashed across my brain Ashmun exclaimed, "Eve, Eve, my child! come to me, come hither. Leave him—Eve—Eve;" and he fell back exhausted, but still lifting up his head feebly he called, "Eve, Eve. Oh, that villain! He has stolen her heart as well as my child, and she does not know me nor heed me nor hear me;" and he was again insensible.

His cry had of course startled the others as well as myself, but they did not approach the poor criminal. Only I saw Susan Gray pause, and lift her hand to her head, and gaze a moment, as if that cry had brought back some old memory, some dim, indistinct vision, which fled as quickly again and was gone. For a half hour he lay senseless, and then a wild, anxious consciousness returned.

"Bring her toward me, Blackstone. Tell her I wish to speak to her."

"Miss Gray," said I, in a low voice. "This gentleman is not what you take him for. He is my friend, Mr. Ashmun, a gentleman with whom you may converse without hesitation. He desires to speak with you."

"I must have met him; there is something familiar in his voice."

"There is, there is. You have heard it before. Sit down near me, my child—my child—my child. Steady now, my soul. These hours are precious. No, I am not delirious again, Blackstone; no, I am not. But those two words, 'my child,' well-nigh made me mad with joy. Miss Gray, he called you, I think. Tell me if you remember your mother."

"I sometimes think I do. It is so long ago. I am not sure."

"Ah, how could you forget? I could not, if I lived ten centuries of just such years as I have lived. Did you love your mother, child?"

"Oh yes, I loved her, and though I can not recall her features, yet there has never been a day of my whole life that I have not thought of her as an angel presence. Yes, I loved her."

"And so did I. Oh God! yes, I loved your mother."

"You? What right had you to love her?"

"Hear that, ye dwellers in the unseen world! Eve's daughter asks me what right I had to love her mother! Answer her, since she would not yet believe me if I dared to tell her! Listen, child. Do you remember any of the scenes of your childhood?"

"Some quite distinctly."

"Do you remember a home under the hill-side, with a blue bay stretching out before it, and flowers on the terraces, and a fountain, and a large dog with shaggy hair, and a boat, and two white ponies, and a low carriage, and a drive along the beach?"

"Strange! I begin to recollect all that. What can it be?"

"And now again. Do you not remember a morning in June? The sun shining on the bay; a little child, playing in front of the cottage, strays down to the beach, and slips from a rock into the water. The dog rescues her, at the instant that her father and mother rush down the lawn."

"I see it. I remember. The dog was Marco—was not that his name?"

"And again. Do you remember leaving that home? Do you remember a night on the Rhine—a dark night—a boat drifting down? You lay, wrapped in a cloak, on deck. A man lay near you. Now, can you recall an attack, a fierce struggle, shouts, cries, and bloodshed, or did you sleep through it all?"

"Oh no; I woke; I remember it well now. I have not thought of that in years."

"Tell me what followed."

"I was carried away. I cried aloud, and was stopped. I shrieked till they stifled me. After that my memory is not distinct. I remember wandering a long while through many places. As I grew older my memory grows more clear. I know I was brought here, and I was told that my father had waited long to see me, but that he died before I came; and so his father took me and brought me up, and I lived with him till he died. You remember that, Mr. Blackstone. But how do you remember all these things, Sir?"

"I! Look at me. Hold the light, Blackstone. Look in my face and tell me if you see aught familiar."

"Nothing."

"Eve! Eve!" he cried, in a wild, mournful, broken voice; and then in a loud, clear tone, that seemed as if it might reach the country on the other side the river, "Eve! Eve!"

Susan Gray again leaned forward, as if the cry were familiar.

"Eve!—not you—not you. Dead Eve! my Eve! my own lost darling I am calling now. They say that the words we utter here are heard in heaven. Eve—darling—come back, and tell her who I am! Is she not yours, your child,

your last gift to me? I would so love her if she looked but kindly at me. God, let her come back one instant now, and tell her child I am her father!"

"My father!"

"Now, Eve, hear that! What are you doing that you do not break your bonds? Oh, poor, frail child! If I were there, and you here, and you called me thus, I would burst the bands of death, and come back to the earth to answer you. Oh, come to me!"

"Does she answer?" It was the low, husky voice of Gordon that spoke, and a low laugh followed it that was full of malignity. "Does she answer?"

"Uncle! do you know this man? Is he my father?"

"Joseph Gordon, I have hated you and yours with unearthly hate. But I will forgive you all; I will love you; I will call you friend, brother, any thing; I will make you rich; I will die and give you half I have (the other half for her), if you will but tell that girl the truth, and let her whisper the blessed words of a child's love in my ears to-night!"

"I do begin to believe that you are my father," said Susan Gray, who had been deeply moved by the earnestness of Ashmun.

"The voice of Eve spoke then. Say on," said Ashmun, gazing at her with a look that was piteous in its mournful anxiety. "But see. Fool that I was. Child, child, come close to me—lean down here! Would you know your mother's face if you met her, if you saw her now? Does it haunt you through the long years?"

"I dream of her sometimes; but I have thought those only dreams."

"Blackstone, quick—quick! That picture—quick, lest I die! Look at that! Is it she? You know it? It speaks to you even as to me. Thank God for that! My prayer is answered. Eve has come back—my child, my child!"

He did not embrace her, nor did she yet approach him any closer. She held the picture a moment in her hands, and a gleam, a glow of light and joy spread over her face as she recognized the angel of her dreams, and she knelt down by the side of his pallet and buried her face in the clothes, and sobbed out her thanks to God that she had at length found a father and a mother. And then she rose, and looked in his face, and spoke, slowly, clearly, and distinctly:

"I can not yet understand my own history. Before I can determine whether my duty is to obey you as my father I should know the circumstances of my birth. I wish to know what relation you bore to my mother."

"It is your right. I was her lawful husband."

"Liar!" muttered Gordon.

"No, Joseph Gordon, I am no liar. In those blessed days of youth, when Eve Gray was my boyhood's idol, my companion and my friend, we were as closely bound together as ever man and wife. One pleasant morning, I remember it as if it were yesterday, we rode together over these hills, among which I am now lying, and came to a dark forest where we were wont to leave our horses and walk. We sat down on the bank of the river, and as the swift waters flowed toward the sea we wrote on three torn leaves from my tablets our vows of marriage. One page we committed to the water to bear it to the world-washing sea, and one each of us kept. It was childish, but it was solemn. A month after that we parted. Open that miniature. Two of those leaves are there, wound with her hair.

"I went and returned after long wandering, and she told me of all your and your brother's cruelty. Ay, she told me how he wronged her. How he basely struck her, like a dog that he was. The little blood I have left boils with hatred as I recall the story she told me of his and your foul treatment of that angel girl, that I would not have had harmed for all the stars of heaven. Then she came to me, homeless as she was, and found rest. Yea, rest. In some drunken brawl, some hideous debauch, some vile scene of riot and wrong, your brother's accursed soul escaped to hell; and Eve was free in man's sight and God's sight to be my wife. She was such before, but we repeated our vows. You may find that record, too, in the proper place. This child, the sole fruit of our union, you stole from me; you, Joseph Gordon, stole from me, and have sought to teach to forget me. Her heart and mine are beating close together at last. Now die, and if, when you stand at the bar of God, before you turn your back forever on the world of light, you see Eve Gray an angel there, tell her that her Eve rests at length in a father's arms."

He held out his hands, and she accepted his embrace, and pressed her lips to his. As he felt that pressure a thrill passed through his frame, a strange, unearthly smile lit his splendid features, and then he fell back on his couch insensible. It was the last unclouded ray of reason that lit his soul, and when sensation returned sense did not return with it.

My story is nearly ended. The passions of his life had their end in the miserable imbecility of his age. His sins were punished. His life had been one of storm, ending in a long, gloomy twilight, which preceded the night.

He was readily discharged from custody when the circumstances became known; for although the array of proofs remained unchanged, the case was very different when the prisoner ceased to be a poor sailor, and became a man worth a million.

Gordon was removed from the cell, and lingered in a doubtful state for nearly or quite three years, and then died. Miss Jamison, as she was called, the beautiful girl that I had mistaken for Eve Ashmun, was in fact the companion of Gordon in wickedness. She had been allied to him for some years, and was doubtless fully informed of all his plots. She disappeared shortly after the events which I have described.

I continued to be the adviser of Ashmun, or rather of his representatives; for his property was placed in the hands of a commission until Eve's majority, when we arranged so that she had control of it. For many years he used to be seen daily driving down town, and always with Eve by his side. I do not think she ever loved him, though she devoted her life to him. But there was nothing left of the lovable in his character, and he grew more imbecile as he grew older. He was docile to Eve, peevish and disagreeable to all others. In brief, he was the wreck of a noble man.

One autumn night, when the curtains were drawn close around him to keep out the night air, and Eve had smoothed his pillow and left him to repose, he dreamed a dream. And in his dream Eve, his dead Eve, as he once called her, beckoned to him as she had not before in years, and he uttered a loud cry of joy.

"Eve! dear, dear Eve!" said he; and then, as she was going away, he called out: "Eve, wait for me!"

Eve, the living, heard him call, and she came down to his door and listened, but all was still; and she looked in, but the drapery had not moved; and in the dimly-lighted room she went up to the bed and drew back the curtain, but he lay calmly there, and she thought he was sleeping, with peaceful dreams, and so she went away and left him. But he was dead.

A ROMANCE OF CASHMERE.

A EUROPEAN (not an Englishman) residing in the valley, during a dangerous illness was carefully and tenderly nursed by a young slave girl, whom we will designate, for the sake of convenience, Leila Jan. With this young person, who was possessed of very great personal attractions, he fell deeply in love, and, finding that his passion was returned, determined to make her his wife. But owing to her not being a free woman he was unable to do this without purchasing her, and to this her owner would not give her consent. In vain were the good offices of the Maharajah solicited, in vain was the slave proprietor appealed to; no entreaties could move, no sum of money (in reason) induce her to relent. On the other hand, Leila Jan, upon the approaching departure of her lover, attempted (fortunately ineffectually) to commit suicide. It was a harrowing thought for this latter, as the approaching chills of winter warned him that he must depart, to remember the fate which awaited his betrothed—*death or infamy*; and yet, deterred by the difficulties of the case, an English clergyman, who happened to be staying in the valley, hesitated to pronounce the nuptial benediction, which itself indeed would hardly have been effectual. In this dilemma, and as a last resource, a stratagem was resorted to, which was fortunately successful. One fine morning Leila Jan, habited in the usual costume of her people (a long Turkey-red cloth frock, or gown, confined about the waist by a shawl, and a small skull-cap of gold embroidery upon the head), sauntered carelessly into the thick quince-orchard which surrounded the house in which she was living. Such a proceeding, of course, occasioned no remark. It was naturally supposed that she had merely gone, according to custom, to while away some of the hot portion of the day beneath the cool shade afforded by the trees, or in the summer-houses interspersed among them, and it was not until hour after hour had gone by, and the shades of evening were beginning to fall, that, alarmed by her non-appearance, her servants (some of whom were employés of her proprietor) thought it incumbent on them to go in quest of her. To their surprise, the pleasure-grounds were searched in vain—she was nowhere to be found!

Terrified and astonished (the more so as the European had also been missing all day), they hurried off to the authorities with the news. Great was the indignation at the palace of the Sherghur when it was received, but they were told to calm themselves; "the lady must be only hiding somewhere; all the passes are strictly guarded, and no native female can possibly evade the scrutiny of the sentinels." Nevertheless, all their efforts to recover her proved ineffectual, and she was never seen again in Cashmere. Her mode of escape was subsequently ascertained to be this:

A large and swift boat manned by sixteen picked oarsmen had been for some time previously moored day and night by the European's orders in the Jhelum at the bottom of the quince-orchard; relays of ponies had also been provided and picketed at intervals upon the Murree road, leading into British territory. When all was prepared the lovers had met by appointment in a secluded part of the orchard, where the "faire ladie" quickly donned the contents of a bundle which had been brought by her companion, and, being of a very fair complexion and rather tall, made up into an excellent imitation of an English boy or youth, whose costume she had assumed. No native who saw her emerge with her companion from out the trees would have guessed her identity from her appearance. Her own dress she, of course, carried off with her, as, if found, it would have told a tale. Once safely on board the boat shot off at its utmost speed toward Baramoolla, where a pair of excellent ponies awaited them. They had seventy miles, however, to do before they could reach the English frontier, and the road was steep and difficult. Luckily the telegraph was not invented. The picket of soldiers at the last pass merely stood aghast as two mad Englishmen (as they thought them) galloped past. After a long and a fatiguing ride the fugitives safely crossed the boundary line—the Jhelum River—the lady a free woman. It is pleasant to know, finally, that she really became the wife of her deliverer, and the happy mother of a numerous family.

ANCIENT CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES.

How the world is governed by phrases! Look at that old saying that history never repeats itself. How it lives! Yet it is transparently false. History, like poetry, is, after all, only a reproduction, with slight variations, of a single set of ideas; and those ideas are, for the most part, of Eastern origin. Our religion—what is that? Asiatic to the very roots. Our system of jurisprudence? Roman, both in form and spirit. Poetry, the drama, sculpture, painting? An imitation—in many parts a servile imitation—of Greek models. Our system of weights and measures is of Assyrian origin. Our watch-faces are a device of the priests of Baal. Solomon was quite right. There *is* nothing new under the sun. That idea of self-help by co-operation, which finds expression in our trade and friendly societies, is generally thought to be a pure product of Anglo-Saxon thought. Yet even that is second-hand. It is only the reproduction of a Greek idea. Mr. Tomkins, the chief clerk in the office of the English Registrar-General of Friendly Societies, has been puzzling out some mystical inscriptions on the ruined tablets of Greece; and there, written in stone, he finds the history of scores of friendly societies, characterized by all the virtues, and some of the vices, of our own. The object of these Greek societies, like many of this day, was a mitigation of the miseries of life, and the decent burial of their members after death; and their machinery was identical with ours. It was a system of self-help by co-operation. The analogy is closer still; for most of these friendly societies of Greece were a species of trade unions. What the subscriptions to the Greek societies were we can not ascertain. But Mr. Tomkins has discovered the accounts of a Roman society founded at Lanuvium; and, calculating from analogy, we should say they were very small. The entrance fee to the Lanuvium Society was an amphora or jar of wine, and a hundred sesterces (say $3 50). The contributions were 50 cents a year, or 4 cents a month. The return, of course, was correspondingly small. It was $12 50 for a funeral; and out of that the friends were required to set apart $1 80 for distribution at the burning of the body. Most of these societies appear to have led a very precarious life. They were generally on the verge of bankruptcy. The contributions were on too low a scale, and even these were not kept up by the members with any thing like regularity. The Roman societies had a rule confiscating the contributions of members who did not pay up promptly, and striking their names out of the list. Probably the Greeks had also; but they seem to have been particularly fortunate in the selection of their secretaries and treasurers, for these officers frequently put their hands into their own pockets to eke out the funds of the societies. That is the only striking and suggestive point of difference between American and Greek friendly societies.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THERE is a deal of discussion just now about long Sermons. No one should complain of the length of a Sermon if a man *preaches for eternity!*

MARRIAGES WHICH ARE *not* "MADE IN HEAVEN"—Lucifer Matches.

MRS. SHODDY. "Lor, I am so dull! What are you doing of, Mary dear?"

MISS MARY. "Nothing at all. I'm ennuied to death!"

MRS. SHODDY. "Well, ring the bell for John. We'll have the cook up and scold her—just to kill time."

AGRICULTURAL JOKES.

Large horses are generally most admired by farmers; but farmers are most admired who *pony* up.

Prosperity is generally based upon knowledge and industry; the swine will always get most that *nose* most.

Farmers are like fowls; neither will get full *crops* without industry.

Because a man who attends a flock of sheep is a shepherd, makes it no reason that a man who keeps cows should be a *coward*.

We like to see a farmer increase the growth of useful plants and shrubs around his home, but do not like to see him make use of rails, poles, and boards to *prop-a-gate* with.

The indefiniteness of most recipes is capitally illustrated by a rule given by an excellent negress cook, who was celebrated for making delicious corn bread. Says Dinah: "Why, darlin', sometimes gen'ally I takes a little meal, an' sometimes gen'ally I takes a little flou', an' I kine o' mixes 'em up with some hot water, an' I puts in eggs enough an' a little salt, an' then I bakes it jest 'bout 'nough. An' you do so, jess so, honey, an' you'll make it as good as I do."

POPULAR CREED.

I begin to believe, nowadays, that money makes the man, and dress the gentleman.

I begin to believe that those who sin the most during the week are the most devout upon Sundays.

I begin to believe that honesty is the best policy—to speculate with until you have gained every body's confidence, then line your pockets.

I begin to believe in humbugging people out of their dollars. It is neither stealing nor begging, and those who are humbugged have themselves to blame.

I begin to believe that a man was not made to enjoy life, but to keep himself miserable in the pursuit and possession of riches.

I begin to believe that the surest remedy for hard times and a tight money market is an extravagant expenditure on the part of the individual—to keep money moving.

I begin to believe that none but knaves are qualified to hold office under the government, with the exception of a few natural born fools and lunatics.

I begin to believe that a piano-forte is more necessary in a family than bread and meat.

A mother, trying to get her little daughter of three years old to sleep one night, said:

"Anna, why don't you try to go to sleep?"

"I am trying," she replied.

"But you haven't shut your eyes."

"Well, can't help it; ums comes unbuttoned."

CHARGE OF THE DRESS BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league, half a league rearward
Right through the mire and dirt,
Much to its beauty's hurt,
Dragged the rich silken skirt,
Half a league rearward.

Half a peck, half a peck, half a peck fully—
Hirsute and woolly,
Right into the liquid air—
Rose up the pile of hair,
From other heads sundered.
Nobly astraddle on it,
Rode the brave bonnet—
Rode, though it wondered.
Curls to the right of it,
Curls to the left of it,
Curls to the rear of it,
Curls that were plundered.

What though men shout, "Oh, fie!"
"Fortunes you have squandered;"
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to dress or die—
"Charge!" to the *clerks* they cry—
"Charge by the hundred."

NATIONS PLEASE TO COPY.—"The Persian Government has no debt."

HOW WE LOVE THEM.

A woman with a mighty skirt
(A dry-goods merchant's card),
We must regard her as a flirt
And love her by the yard.
But when we see a pretty maid
Wear gaiters very neat,
Our gaze descends, we're much afraid—
We love her by two feet.
Adoring ladies by the measure
Affords a most ecstatic pleasure.

A STUMP ORATOR.—A Dentist who talks about himself.

"My dear," said a lady to her husband, "these friends here will not believe me when I say I'm only forty years old. You know that I speak the truth, don't you?"

"I certainly shall not deny it, my love, since you have stuck to the point for the last dozen years, to my certain knowledge."

When were eggs first laid in England?—In the time of *Hen.* I. of course.

OLD LADY. "I wish to purchase a copy of Lord Byron's Works, bound in calf."

SHOPMAN. "Yes, ma'am; will this one suit you?"

OLD LADY. "The calf looks very dull and blotched; can you show me another?"

SHOPMAN. "They are all the same, I can assure you, ma'am; it's in consequence of the cattle plague."

Old Lady buys the books perfectly satisfied.

"They don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old lady, as she observed a sunken eye, wrinkled face, and livid complexion in a glass that she usually looked into.

SHARP JOKING.

Says Delia to a reverend dean,
"What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy theme,
That there are none in heaven?"

"There are no women there," he cried;
She quick returned the jest,
"Women are there, but I'm afraid
They can not find a priest."

The Ancient and Barbaric — The Modern and Enlightened!

WAY OF CHILDREN AMUSING THEMSELVES.

"Let us have Peace."—*Republican Candidate for President.*

"What the Confederacy fought for would be won by the Election of Seymour and Blair."—*Vance.*

"Let the President disperse the Carpet-Bag State Government."—*Democratic Candidate for Vice-President.*

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

THE INDIAN WAR—INDIANS ATTACKING A WAGON-TRAIN.—[See Page 606.]

THE STOCKBROKER AT DINGLEWOOD.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THOSE who saw Dinglewood only after the improvements had been made could scarcely be able to form to themselves any idea of what it was before the Greshams came. I call them improvements because every body used the word; but I can not say I thought the house improved. It was an old-fashioned red-brick house, nothing o speak of architecturally. The drawing-room opened its tall, narrow windows upon a little terrace, which was very green and grassy, and pleasant. I should be sorry to undertake to say why it was called Dinglewood. Mr. Coventry made very merry over the name when he had it. He used to say it was because there were no trees; but that was not strictly the case. It was quite open and bare, it is true, toward the river, which we could not see from the Green; but there was a little grove of trees which interposed between us and the house, as if to shut out Dinglewood from the vulgarity of neighbors. It was a popular house in a quiet way when the Coventrys were there. They did not give parties, or pretend to take much trouble in the way of society, for Lady Sarah was always delicate; but when we were tired with our view on the Green, and our lawns and trees, we were always welcome on the Dinglewood terrace, where the old people were constantly to be found sitting out in the summer afternoons, Lady Sarah on her sofa, and Mr. Coventry with the newspapers and his great dog. The lawn went sloping down toward the river, which lay still and white under the sunshine, with a little green island, and a little gray house making a centre to the picture. As long as the sloping bank was lawn it was closely cut and kept like velvet; but when it became field these niceties stopped, and Lady Sarah's pet Alderney stood up to her knees in the cool clover. There was an old mulberry-tree close to the wall of the house, which shaded the sofa; and a gloomy yew on the other side did the same thing for Mr. Coventry, who was an old Indian and a salamander, and could bear any amount of sunshine. Lady Sarah's perpetual occupation was knitting. She knitted all sorts of bright-colored things in brilliant German wool with big ivory pins, and her husband used to read the news to her. They read all the debates together, stopping every now and then to exchange their sentiments. Lady Sarah would say with her brisk little voice, "He might have made a better point there. I don't see that he proves his case. I don't agree with that;" and Mr. Coventry would stop and lay down the paper on his knees, and discuss it leisurely. There was no reason why they should not do it at their leisure. The best part of the summer days were spent thus by the old couple; and the sunshine lay warm and still round them, and the leaves rustled softly, and the cool grass kept growing under their peaceful old feet. These feet tread mortal soil no longer, and all this has nothing in the world to do with my story. But it was a pretty sight in its way. They were not rich, and the furniture and carpets were very faded, and every thing very different from what it came to be afterward; yet we were all very fond of Mr. Coventry and his pretty old wife, and the old-fashioned house was appropriate to them. I like to think of them even now.

We were all anxious, of course, after Mr. Coventry's death, to know who would buy the house (Lady Sarah could not bear it after he was gone, and, indeed, lived only a year after him); and when it was known that young Mr. Gresham was the purchaser it made quite a sensation on the Green. He was the son of old Gresham, who had bought Bishop's Hope, a noble place at Cookesley, about a dozen miles off, but had made all his fortune as a stockbroker, and, they say, not even the best kind of that. His son had succeeded him in business, and had lately married somebody in his own class. He was a nice-looking young fellow enough, and had been brought up at Eton, to be sure, like so many of those people's sons; but still one felt that it was bringing in a new element to the Green. If his wife had been, as so often happens, a gentlewoman, it would have made things comparatively easy. But she was only the daughter of a mercantile man like himself, and there was great discussion among us as to what we should do when they came. Some families made up their minds at once not to call; and some, on the other hand, declared that such rich people were sure to *fêter* the whole county, and that every body would go to them. "If they had only been a *little* rich it would never have answered; but they are frightfully rich, and, of course, we must all go down on our knees," Lottie Stoke said. She was the most eager of all to know them; for her youth was passing away, and she was not likely to marry, and the Stokes were poor. I confess I was curious myself to see how things would turn out.

Their first step, however, was one which took us all by surprise. Young Gresham dashed over in his Yankee wagon from Cookesley to go over the house, and the same day a charming barouche made the tour of the Green, with a very pretty young woman in it, and a lovely little girl, and a matchless tiny Skye terrier—all going to inspect Dinglewood. The arms on the carriage were quartered to the last possibility of quartering, as if they had come through generations of heiresses and gentlemen of coat-armor, and the footman was powdered and dazzling to behold. Altogether it was by far the finest equipage that had been seen in these parts for a long time. Not to speak of Lady Denzil's, or the other great people about, her Majesty's own carriage, that she drives about the neighborhood in, was not to be compared to it. Its emblazoned panels brushed against the privet hedges in poor old Lady Sarah's drive, which was only wide enough for her little pony-carriage, and I have no doubt were scratched and spoiled; but the next thing we heard about Dinglewood was that a flood of workmen had come down upon it, and that every thing was to be changed. Young Mrs. Gresham liked the situation, but the house was *far* too small for her. My maid told me a new dining-room and drawing-room, with bedrooms over, were to be added, and already the people had set to work. We all looked on thunder-struck while these "improvements" were going on: he had a right to do it, no doubt, as he had bought it; but still it did seem a great piece of presumption. The pretty terrace was all cut up, and the poor old mulberry-tree perished in the changes, though it is true that they had the sense not to spoil the view. They added two wings to the old house, with one sumptuous room in each. Poor Lady Sarah's drawing-room, which was good enough for her, these millionaires made into a billiard-room, and put them all *en suite*, making a passage thus between their two wings. I don't deny, as I have already said, that they had a perfect right to do it; but all the same it was very odd to us.

And then heaps of new furniture came down from town; the wagons that brought it made quite a procession along the road. All this grandeur and display had a bad effect upon the neighborhood. It really looked as if these new people were already crowing over us, whose carpets and hangings were a little faded and out of fashion. There was a general movement of indignation on the Green. All this expense might be well enough, for those who could afford it, in a town-house, people said, but in the country it was vulgar and stupid. Every thing was gilded and ornamented and expensive in the new Dinglewood; Turkey carpets all over the house, and rich silk curtains and immense mirrors. Then after a while "the family" arrived. They came with such a flutter of fine carriages as had never been seen before among us. The drive had been widened, down which Lady Sarah's old gray pony used to jog so comfortably, and there was nothing to be seen all day long but smooth, shining panels and high-stepping horses whisking in and out. In the first place there was Mr. Gresham's Yankee wagon, with a wicked-looking beast in it, which went like the wind. Then there would be a cozy brougham carrying Mrs. Gresham to Shoreton shopping, or taking out the nurse and baby for an airing; and after lunch came the pretty open carriage with the armorial bearings and the man in powder. We were too indignant to look round at first when these vehicles passed; but custom does a great deal, and one's feelings soften in spite of one's self. Of all the people on the Green, Lottie Stoke was the one who did most for the new people. "I mean to make mamma call," she said: and she even made a round of visits for the purpose of saying it. "Why shouldn't we all call on them? I think it is mean to object to them for being rich. It looks as if we were ashamed of being poor; and they are sure to have quantities of people from town, and to enjoy themselves—people as good as we are, Mrs. Mulgrave: they are not so particular in London."

"My dear Lottie," said I, "I have no doubt the Greshams themselves are quite as good as we are. That is not the question. There are social differences, you know."

"Oh yes! I know," cried Lottie; "I have heard of them all my life, but I don't see what the better we are, for all our nicety; and I mean to make mamma call."

She was not so good as her word, however, for Mrs. Stoke was a timid woman, and waited to see what other people would do. And in the mean time the Greshams themselves, independent of their fine house and their showy carriages, presented themselves, as it were, before us for approval. They walked to church on Sunday without any show, which made quite a revulsion in their favor; and she was very pretty and sweet-looking, and he was so like a gentleman that you could never have told the difference. And the end of it all was, that one fine morning Lady Denzil, without saying a word to any one, called; and after that, every body on the Green.

I do not pretend to say that there was not a little air of newness about these young people. They were like their house, a little too bright, too costly, too luxurious. Mrs. Gresham gave herself now and then pretty little airs of wealth, which, to do her justice, were more in the way of kindness to others than display for herself. There was a kind of munificence about her which made one smile, and yet made one grow red and hot and just a little angry. It might not have mattered if she had been a princess, but it did not answer with a stockbroker's wife. She was so anxious to supply you with any thing or every thing you wanted. "Let me send it," she would say in a lavish way, whenever there was any shortcoming, and opened her pretty mouth and stared with all her pretty eyes, when her offers were declined. She wanted that delicate sense of other people's pride, which a true great lady always has. She did not understand why one would rather have one's own homely maid to wait, than borrow her powdered slave; and would rather walk than be taken up in her fine carriage. This bewildered her, poor little woman. She thought it was unkind of me in particular. "You can't *really* prefer to drive along in the dust in your little low carriage," she said, with a curious want of perception that my pony carriage was my own. This was the only defect I found in her, and it was a failing which leaned to virtue's side. Her husband was more a man of the world, but he too had money written all over him. They were dreadfully rich, and even in their freest moment they could not get rid of it—and they were young and open-hearted, and anxious to make every body happy. They had people down from town as Lottie prophesied—fashionable people sometimes, and clever people, and rich people. We met all kinds of radicals, and artists, and authors, and great travelers at Dinglewood. The Greshams were rather proud of their literary acquaintances, indeed, which was surprising to us. I have seen old Sir Thomas look very queer when he was told he was going to meet So-and-So, who had written some famous book. "Who is the fellow?" he said, privately, to me, with a comical look, for he was not very literary in his tastes—neither were the Greshams for that matter, but then, having no real rank, they appreciated a little distinction, howsoever it came; whereas the second cousin of any poor lord or good old decayed family was more to the most of us than Shakspeare himself or Raphael; though of course it would have been our duty to ourselves to be very civil to either of those gentlemen had we met them at dinner, any where on the Green.

But there was no doubt that this new lively household, all astir with new interests, new faces, talk and movement, and pleasant extravagance, woke us all up. They were so rich that they took the lead in many things, in spite of all that could be done to the contrary. None of us could afford so many parties. The Greshams had always something on hand. Instead of our old routine of dinners and croquet-parties, and perhaps two or three dances a year for the young people, there was an endless variety now at Dinglewood; and even if we elders could have resisted Mrs. Gresham's pretty winning ways on our account, it would have been wicked to neglect the advantage for our children. Of course this did not apply to me, who have no children; but I was never disposed to stand very much on my dignity, and I liked the young couple. They were so fond of each other, and so good-looking, and so happy, and so ready—too ready—to share their advantages with every body. Mrs. Gresham sent her man over with I don't know how much Champagne the morning of the day when they were all coming to play croquet on my little lawn, and he wanted to know, with his mistress's love, whether he should come to help, or if there was any thing else I wanted. I had entertained my friends in my quiet way before she was born, and I did not like it. Lottie Stoke happened to be with me when the message arrived, and took up the reasonable view, as she had got into the way of doing where the Greshams were concerned.

"Why should not they send you Champagne?" she said. "They are as rich as Crœsus, though I am sure I don't know much about him; and you are a lady living by yourself, and can't be expected to think of all these things."

"My dear Lottie," said I—and I confess I was angry—"if you are not content with what I can give you, you need not come to me. The Greshams can stay away if they like. Champagne in the afternoon when you are playing croquet! It is just like those nouveaux riches. They would think it still finer, I have no doubt, if they could drink pearls like Cleopatra. Champagne!"

"They must have meant it for cup, you know," said Lottie, a little abashed.

"I don't care what they meant it for," said I. "You shall have cups of tea; and I am very angry and affronted. I wonder how they think we got on before they came!"

And then I sat down and wrote a little note, which I fear was terribly polite, and sent it and the baskets back with John Thomas, while Lottie went and looked at all the pictures as if she had never seen them before, and hummed little airs under her breath. She had taken up these Greshams in the most curious way. Not that she was an unreasonable partisan; she could see their faults like the rest of us, but she was always ready to make excuses for them. "They don't know any better," she would say softly when she was driven to the very extremity of her special pleading. And she said this when I had finished my note and was just sending it away.

"But why don't they know better?" said I; "they have had the same education as other people. He was at Eton, where a boy should learn how to behave himself, even if he does not learn any thing else. And she went to one of the fashionable schools—as good a school as any of you ever went to."

"We were never at any school at all," said Lottie, with a bitterness. "We were always much too poor. We have never learned any thing, we poor girls; whereas Ada Gresham has learned every thing," she added, with a little laugh.

It was quite true. Poor Mrs. Gresham was overflowing with accomplishments. There never was such an education as she had received. She had gone to lectures, and studied thorough bass, and knew all about chemistry, and could sympathize with her husband, as the newspapers say, and enter into all his pursuits. How fine it sounds in the newspapers! Though I was angry, I could not but laugh too—a young woman wanted an elaborate education indeed to be fit to be young Gresham's wife.

"Well," I said, "after all I don't suppose she means to be impertinent, Lottie, and I like her. I don't think her education has done her much harm. Nobody could teach her to understand other people's feelings; and to be rich like that must be a temptation."

"I should like to have such a temptation," said Lottie, with a sudden sparkle in her eyes. "Fancy! there are four Greshams, and they are all as rich. The girl is married, you know, to a railway man; and, by-the-by," she went on, suddenly, after a pause, "they tell me one of the brothers is coming here to-day."

She said this in an accidental sort of way, but I could see there was nothing accidental about it. She drew her breath hard, poor girl, and a little feverish color got up in her cheeks. It is common to talk of girls looking out for husbands, and even hunting that important quarry. But when now and then in desperate cases such a thing does actually come before one's eyes, it is any thing but an amusing sight. The Stokes were as poor as the Greshams were rich. Everard had ruined himself, and half killed every body belonging to him only the year before; and now poor Lottie saw a terrible chance before her, and rose to it with a kind of tragic valor. I read her whole meaning and resolution in her face, as she said, with an attempt at a smile, these simple-sounding words; and an absolute pang of pity went through me. Poor Lottie!—it was a chance for her family and for herself—even for poor Everard, whom they all clung to, though he had gone so far astray. What a change it would make in their situation and prospects, and every thing about them! You may say it was an ignoble foundation to build family comfort upon. I do not defend it in any way; but when I saw what Lottie meant, my heart ached for her. It did not seem to me ridiculous or base, but tragic and terrible; though to be sure in all likelihood there is nobody who will think so but me.

Before Lottie left me, Mrs. Gresham came rushing over, in her pretty summer dress, with her curls and ribbons fluttering in the breeze. She came to ask me why I had been so unkind, and to plead and remonstrate. "We have so much, we don't know what to do with it," she said; "Harry is always finding out some new vintage or other, and the cellars are overflowing. Why would not you use some of it? We have so much of every thing we don't know what to do."

"I would rather not, thanks," I said, feeling myself flush; "what a lovely day it is! Where are you going for your drive? The woods will be delicious to-day."

"Oh, I have so much of the woods!" cried Mrs. Gresham. "I thought of going toward Estcott to make some calls. But dear Mrs. Mulgrave, about the Champagne?"

"It is a little too early for the heath," said Lottie, steadily, looking our visitor in the face. "It is always cold there. What they call bracing, you know; but I don't care about being braced, the wind goes through and through one, even on a sunny day."

"It is because you are so thin," said Mrs. Gresham; "I never feel the cold for my part; but I shall not drive at all to-day—I forgot—I shall go and fetch Harry from the station, and come to you, Mrs. Mulgrave: and you will not be cross, but let me send back John Thomas with—"

"My dear, I am going to give you some tea," said I, "and my maids can manage beautifully; the sight of a gorgeous creature like John Thomas distracts them; they can do nothing but stare at his plush and his powder. We shall be very glad to have Mr. Gresham and you."

"But—" she began, eagerly. Then she caught Lottie's eye, who had made some sign to her, and stopped short, staring at me with her blue eyes. She could not make it out, and no hint short of positive demonstration could have shown her that she had gone too far. She stopped in obedience to Lottie's sign, but stared at me all the same. Her prosperity, her wealth, her habit of overcoming every thing that looked in the least like a difficulty, had taken even a woman's instinct from her. She gazed at me, and by degrees her cheeks grew red; she saw she had made a mistake somehow, but even up to that moment could not tell what it was.

"Harry's brother is coming with him," she said, a little subdued; "may I bring him? He is the eldest, but he is not married yet. He is such a man of the world. Of course, he might have married when he liked, as early as we did, there was nothing to prevent him; but he got into a fashionable set first, and then he got among the artists. He is quite what they call a Bohemian, you know. He paints beautifully—Harry always consults Gerald before buying any pictures; I don't know what he does with all his money, for he keeps up no establishment, and no horses nor any thing. I tell him sometimes he is an old miser, but I am sure I have no reason to say so, for he gives me beautiful presents. I should so like to bring him here."

"Yes, bring him by all means," said I; but I could not help giving a little sigh as I looked at Lottie, who was listening eagerly. When she saw me look at her, her face flamed scarlet, and she went in great haste to the window to hide it from Mrs. Gresham. She saw I had found her out, and did not know what compassion was in my heart. She gave a wistful glance up into my face as she went away. "Don't despise me!" it said. Poor Lottie! if it ever could be lawful to do evil that good might come! They went away together, the poor girl and the rich happy young wife. Lottie was a little the older of the two, and yet she was not old, and they were both pretty young women. They laid their heads together and talked earnestly as girls do, as they went out of my gate, and nobody could have dreamed that their light feet were entangled in any web of tragedy. The sight of the two who were so unlike, and the thought of the future which might bring them into close connection, made me melancholy, I could not have told why.

CHAPTER II.

WE did not miss the Champagne-cup that afternoon; indeed, I do not approve of such beverages for young people, and never sanction any thing but tea before dinner. The Dinglewood people were doing their best to introduce these foolish extravagances among us, but I for one would not give in. Young Gresham, though he took some tea, drew his wife aside the moment after, and I heard him question her.

"It was not my fault, Harry," she cried, not knowing I was so near. "She sent it all back, and Lottie said I had hurt her feelings. I did not know what to do. She would not even have John Thomas to wait."

"Nonsense!" said Harry Gresham; "you should have insisted. We ought not to let her go to any expense. I don't suppose she has a shilling more than she wants for her own affairs."

"But I could not help it," said his wife.

I don't know what Lottie had said to her, but she was evidently a little frightened. As for Harry, I think he would have liked to leave a bank-note for me on one of the tables. People have told me since that it was a very bad sign, and that it is only when people are getting reckless about money that they think of throwing it away in presents; but I can not say I have had much experience of that weakness. The new brother who had come with them was a very different kind of man. I can not say I took to him at first. He was not a wealthy, simple-minded, lavish creature like his brother. He was more like other people. Harry Gresham was red and white, like a girl, inclining to be stout, though he was not above thirty, and with the manners which are, or were, supposed to be specially English—downright and straightforward. Gerald was a few years older, a little taller, bronzed with the sun, and bearing the indescribable look of a man who has mixed much with the world. I looked at Lottie Stoke when I made my first observations upon the stranger, and saw that she too was looking at him with a strange expression, half of repugnance, half of wistfulness in her eyes. Lottie had not done her duty in the way of marrying, as she ought to have done, in her early youth. She had refused very good offers, as her mother was too apt to tell with a little bitterness. Now at last, when things were going so badly with the family, she had made up her mind to try; but when she did so she expected a second Harry Gresham, and not this man of the world. She looked at him as a martyr might look, standing on the edge of a precipice, gathering up her strength for the plunge, shrinking yet daring every thing. My party was quite dull for the first hour because of this pause which Lottie made on the brink, for she was always the soul of every thing. When I saw her all at once rise up from the chair where she had been sitting obstinately beside old Mrs. Beresford, and go up to Mrs. Gresham, who was standing aside with her brother-in-law looking on, I knew she had made up her mind at last, and taken the plunge. An experienced rich young man of the nineteenth century! I thought to myself she might spare her pains.

Just at that moment I saw the gorgeous figure of John Thomas appear at the end of my lawn, and a sudden flush of anger came over me. I got up to see what he wanted, thinking they had sent him back again notwithstanding my refusal. But just before I reached him I perceived that his errand was to his master, to whom he gave a telegram. Mr. Gresham tore it open at my side. He ran his eye over the message, and muttered something between his teeth and grew red all over in indignation or trouble. Then, seeing me, he turned round, with an effort, with one of his broad smiles.

"Business even in the midst of pleasure," he said. "Is it not too bad?"

"If it is only business—" said I. Whenever I see one of those telegraph papers it makes my heart beat. I always think somebody is ill or dead.

"*Only* business, by Jove!" said Harry. His voice was quite subdued, but he laughed—a laugh which sounded strange and not very natural. Then he gave himself a sort of shake, and thrust the thing into his pocket, and offered me his arm, to lead me back to my place. "By-the-by," he said, "I am ready to quarrel with you, Mrs. Mulgrave. When we are so near, why don't you let us be of some use to you? It would be the greatest pleasure both to Ada and me."

"Oh, thanks; but indeed I don't want any help," I cried, abruptly coming to a sudden stop before Lady Denzil's chair.

"You are so proud," he said, with a smile, and so left me to plunge into the midst of the game, where they were clamoring for him. He played all the rest of the afternoon, entering into every thing with the greatest spirit; and yet I felt a little disturbed. Whether it was for Lottie, or whether it was for Harry Gresham I could not well explain to myself; a feeling came over me like the feeling with which one sometimes wakes in the morning without any reason for it—an uneasy restless sense that something somehow was going wrong.

The Greshams were the last of my party to go away, and I went to the gate with them, as I had a way of doing, and lingered there for a few minutes in the slanting evening light. It was nearly seven o'clock, but they did not dine till eight and were in no hurry. She wore a very pretty dress—one of those soft pale grays which soil if you look hard at them—and had gathered the long train over her arm like a figure in a picture; for though she was not very refined, Ada Gresham was not a vulgar woman to trail her dress over a dusty road. She had taken her husband's arm as they went along the sandy brown pathway, and Gerald on the other side carried her parasol and leaned toward her to talk. As I looked at them I could not but think of the strange differences of life: how some people have to get through the world by themselves as best they may, and some have care, and love, and protection on every side of them. These two would have kept the very wind from blowing upon Ada; they were ready to shield her from every pain, to carry her in their arms over any thorns that might come in her way. The sunshine slanted sideways upon them as they went along, throwing fantastic broken shadows of the three figures on the hedgerow, and shining right into my eyes. I think I can see her now leaning on her husband's arm, looking up to his brother, with the pretty sweep of the gray silk over her arm, the white embroidered skirts beneath, and the soft rose-ribbons that caught the light. Poor Ada! I have other pictures of her, besides this one, in my memory now.

Next day we had a little discussion upon the new brother, in the afternoon when my visitors looked in upon me. We did not confine ourselves to that one subject. We diverged, for instance, to Mrs. Gresham's toilet, which was so pretty. Lottie Stoke had got a new bonnet for the occasion; but she had made it herself, and though she was very clever she was not equal to Elise.

"Fancy having all one's things made by Elise!" cried Lucy, the little sister, with a rapture of anticipation. "If ever I am married nobody else shall dress *me*."

"Then you had better think no more of curates," said some malicious critic, and Lucy blushed. It was not her fault if the curates amused her. They were mice clearly intended by Providence for fun and torture. She was but sixteen and meant no harm, and what else could the kitten do?

Then a great controversy arose among the girls as to the claims of the new brother to be called handsome. The question was hotly discussed on both sides, Lottie alone taking no part in the debate. She sat by very quietly, with none of her usual animation. Nor did she interpose when the Gresham lineage and connection—the little cockney papa who was like a shabby little miser, the mother who was large and affable and splendid, a kind of grand duchess in a mercantile way—were taken in hand. Lottie could give little sketches of them all when she so pleased; but she did not please that day.

"This new one does not look like a nobody," said one of my visitors. "He might be the Honorable Gerald for his looks. He is fifty times better than Mr. Gresham, though Mr. Gresham is very nice too."

"And he has such a lovely name!" cried Lucy. "Gerald Gresham! Any girl I ever heard of would marry him just for his name."

"They have all nice names," said the first speaker, who was young too, and attached a certain weight to this particular. "They don't sound like mere rich people. They might be of a good old family to judge by their names."

"Yes; she is Ada," said Lucy, reflectively, "and he is Harry, and the little boy's name is Percy. But Gerald is the darling! Gerald is the one for me!"

The window was open at the time, and the child was talking incautiously loud, so that I was not much surprised, for my part, when a peal of laughter from outside followed this speech, and Ada, with her brother-in-law in attendance, appeared under the veranda. Of course, Lucy was covered with confusion; but her blushes became the little creature, and gave her a certain shy grace which was very pretty to behold. As for Lottie, I think the contrast made her paler. Looking at her beautiful refined head against the light, nobody could help admiring it; but she was not round and dimpled and rosy like her little sister. After a while Gerald Gresham managed to get into the corner where Lottie was to talk to her; but his eyes sought the younger creature all the same. A man has it all his own way when there is but one in the room. He was gracious to all the girls, like a civilized English sultan; but they were used to that, poor things, and took it very good-naturedly.

"It is not his fault if he is the only man in the place," said Lucy; and she was not displeased, though her cheeks burned more hotly than ever when he took advantage of her incautious speech.

"I must not let you forget that it is Gerald who is the darling," he said, laughing. Of course it was quite natural, and meant nothing, and perhaps no one there but Lottie and myself thought any thing of this talk; but it moved her, poor girl, with a certain mortification, and had a curious effect upon me. I could not keep myself from thinking, Would it be Lucy after all? After her sister had made up her mind in desperation; after she had screwed her courage to the last fatal point; after she had consciously committed herself and compromised her maiden uprightness, would it be Lucy who would win the prize without an effort? I can not describe the effect it had upon me. It made me burn with indignation to think that Lottie Stoke was putting forth all her powers to attract this stranger—this man who was rich, and could buy her if he pleased; and, at the same time, his looks at Lucy filled me with the strangest sense of disappointment. I ought to have been glad that such humiliating efforts failed of success, and yet I was not. I hated them, and yet I could not bear to think they would be in vain.

"And Harry has gone to town again to-day," said Ada, with a pout of her pretty mouth, "though he promised to stay and take me up the river. They make his life wretched with those telegrams and things. I ask him, What is the good of going on like this, when we have plenty of money? And then he tells me I am a little fool and don't understand."

"I always feel sure something dreadful has happened whenever I see a telegram," said Mrs. Stoke.

"Oh, we are quite used to them: they are only about business," said Ada, taking off her hat and smoothing back, along with a twist of her pretty hair, the slightest half visible pucker of care from her smooth young brow.

"Only business!" said Gerald. They were the same words Harry had said the day before, and they struck me somehow. When he caught my eye he laughed, and added something about the strange ideas ladies had. "As if any accident, or death, or burial could be half so important as business," he said, with the half sneer which we all use as a disguise to our thoughts. And some of the little party exclaimed, and some laughed with him. To be sure, a man in business, like Harry Gresham, or a man of the world, like his brother, must be less startled by such communications than such quiet country people as we were. That was easy enough to see.

That same night, when I came across from the Lodge, where I had been spending the evening, Dinglewood stood blazing out against the sky with all its windows lighted up. Sir Thomas, who was walking across the Green with me, as it was so fine a night, saw me turn my head that way and looked too. The whole house had the air of being lighted up for an illumination. It always had; it revealed itself, its different floors, and even the use of its different rooms to all the world by its lights. The Greshams were the kind of people who have every new improvement that money can procure. They made gas for themselves, and lighted up the entire house, in that curious mercantile millionaire way which you never see in a real great house. Sir Thomas's look followed mine, and he shook his gray head a little.

"I hope no harm will come of it," he said; "they are going very fast over there, Mrs. Mulgrave. I hope they are able to keep it up."

"Able!" said I; "they are frightfully rich;" and I felt half aggrieved by the very supposition.

"Yes," said Sir Thomas, "they would need to be rich. For a little while that may do; but I don't think any man in business can be rich enough to stand that sort of thing for a long time together."

"Oh, they can bear it, no doubt," I said, impatient of Sir Thomas's old-fashioned ways. "Of course it was very different in the Coventrys' time."

"Ah, in the Coventrys' time," said Sir Thomas, regretfully; "one does not often get such neighbors as the Coventrys. Take care of that stone. And now, here we are at your door."

"Good-night!" said I, "and many thanks;" but I stood outside a little in the balmy evening air, as Sir Thomas went home across the Green. I could not see Dinglewood from my door, and the Lodge, which was opposite, glimmered in a very different way, with faint candles in Lady Denzil's chamber, and some of the servants' sleeping-rooms, and the soft white lamp-light in the windows below; domestic and necessary lights, not like the blaze in the new house. Sir Thomas plodded quietly home, with his gray head bent and his hands behind him under his coat, in the musing tranquillity of old age; and a certain superstitious feeling came over me. It was my gaze at the illuminated house which made him say those uncomfortable words. I felt as if I had attracted to the Greshams, poor children, in their gayety and heedlessness the eye of some sleeping Fate.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A RECENT number of the Liverpool *Mercury* contains about six columns of reading matter describing two fearful disasters which have lately thrilled the community. These are mentioned as the "Awful Railway Accident in North Wales," and the "Frightful Explosion at the Mersey Steel and Iron Works." In the one case, by a collision of trains a quantity of petroleum was ignited, and four railway carriages were enveloped in the flames and burned to cinders, with their helpless occupants. In the other case, from a defective boiler, or some unusual pressure of steam, a boiler exploded, and many workmen were not merely killed, but so horribly torn and mangled that their fearful and lingering agonies were most distressing to witness.

Such terrible catastrophes are becoming familiar to the public mind. We read the account, shiver at the horrid details, hope the matter will be investigated, and turn to some more agreeable portion of the newspaper. There have been such wholesale railroad slaughters in this country as would now induce, one would suppose, the most rigid watchfulness and care. But hair-breadth escapes are considered *fortunate*—and forgotten. Only a short time ago the Norwich steamboat train, with its freight of passengers, came into sudden contact with a cart upon the track. The driver had gone to sleep, leaving his horse to pursue his own course to the Boston market, and the flagman, who should have been at the crossing where the accident occurred, was not at his post, having overslept himself. In this instance, through a singular combination of circumstances, the passengers escaped serious injury. But what practical lesson is learned in consequence? It has been stated that the rails of the "Portland Division" of the Grand Trunk Railway are in a very unsafe condition. In one of the shop windows in Boston there has been on exhibition a drawing giving full-size sketches of the condition of some of the rails and rail-joints of the Portland section of the Grand Trunk Railway. The civil engineer who made these sketches says they were taken on the spot. "Only a broken rail" is often given as the cause of an accident. The public have a right to circulate reports respecting any road which is deemed unsafe. If rumors arise they should be refuted by thorough investigation and repair. A railroad track should be above suspicion.

The mortality among children is always great at this season of the year. A writer in the *Lancet* recommends hot milk (that which has been boiled or scalded is probably referred to) as a specific for diarrhea, dysentery, and incipient cholera. It states that a pint every four hours will check the most violent case, and that half a pint every meal will relieve gradually and pleasantly any ordinary case.

The Springfield *Republican* thinks it has seen a curiosity, and announces it thus: "We were shown yesterday a two-cent piece put into a contribution box in one of our country churches by a young man worth from $12,000 to $15,000. As the contribution was in behalf of the A. B. C. F. M., such generosity is worthy of more than a passing notice."

It is reported that a Baptist clergyman in Philadelphia recently received a fifty-dollar greenback for performing the rite of baptism.

Those who say they would gladly keep awake in church, but find it impossible, can no longer offer an excuse. A remedy for sleeping has been suggested, which drowsy church-goers will find effectual. "Take a piece of horse-radish root of good size, and of a finger's length, to the sanctuary, and the moment the sermon begins put a piece in your mouth about the size of a common corn, bite and moisten it faithfully with the saliva, and the eyes will not only be easily kept open, but a tearful attention may also be promoted, to the exclusion of drowsiness till the sermon ends."

General Napier, who experienced a sun-stroke while in Sind (from which, however, he recovered), is of opinion that death by this means would be painless. He says: "I was just deadly sleepy; it was deadly had I been left alone; but the only feeling of the transition would have been a tiredness like that experienced at being suddenly waked up before time. This was to a degree almost to be called painful; then came a pleasant drowsiness with anger that the doctors would not let me sleep." The effect of excessive cold is very similar.

The following bill of fare is said to have met the approbation of the Chinese Embassy when at Worcester: "Champagne, soup, Champagne, rice, Champagne, eggs, Champagne, ham, Champagne, ice water, Champagne." However, the embassy pays its own expenses!

A singular phenomenon occurred a week or two ago not far from Nashville, Tennessee. About noon some men who were working on a plantation were much alarmed by an apparent opening of the clouds, which were thick and heavy. Suddenly a brilliant whitish red glare overspread an immense mass of black clouds, on the centre of which appeared a funnel-like aperture about four or five feet in diameter, the sides of which presented the appearance of ragged flames darting like fiery tongues, and licking and lapping at a large white object passing with inconceivable rapidity down through the aperture. It grew more intensely bright as it approached the earth, and struck with a sound like a sudden, terrific clap of thunder, which seemed to make the surrounding hills quiver to their foundations. After some hours the place where the fiery missive had struck was examined. The ledge of rocks where it had fallen was split and torn into fragments over a distance of about fifty feet, and steam poured out of the hole where the mass had buried itself which was too hot to approach. Some days afterward investigations were made, and at a depth of about twenty feet, the aerolite was found. It measured about seven feet from apex to base, and at the greatest circumference about ten feet round. It is specifically very heavy, and the lump can not weigh less than five or six tons.

Two visitors in Salt Lake City entered a shop to purchase photographs of Brigham Young and such views as they might fancy. They engaged in conversation with the clerk, who, however, kept glancing uneasily at a shabbily-dressed old woman who was leaning on a show-case near by. After selecting various portraits and views, the buyers said: "Now show us some pictures of Mrs. Brigham Young." "Sh—sh—sh, we haven't any," whispered the clerk. "Don't you take them at the gallery up stairs?" "Yes," replied he, with a stealthy glance at the old woman; "but we are not allowed to sell them." "Can't you show us some copies—simply point them out to us?" persisted the inquisitive strangers. Here the clerk, without replying, walked away in a state of perturbation. The old woman left the store. He returned and said: "Gentlemen, that old lady is one of Brigham Young's first wives. Visitors can not be too considerate here in the presence of strangers."

An event, both horrible and ludicrous, is reported to have occurred recently in Norfolk, Virginia. A certain individual having died, his friends and acquaintances repaired to his house to pay their last tribute of respect by following him to his grave. The procession was formed; but before moving hospitalities were extended in the shape of a good, stiff brandy-julep to each, so as the better to enable them to undergo the fatigue of the long march to the new burying-ground. While the pall-bearers, who were standing by the hearse, were slowly sipping their juleps, and now and again giving the goblets a slight shake to settle the ice in them, a noise was heard in the coffin, which turned some faces whiter than they had been for years before. The undertaker at length mustered courage to unscrew the coffin-lid, when the supposed corpse sat up and coolly asked for his julep. Having quenched his thirst, he stated that he had been in a sort of trance, and knew all that was going on around him, but was unable to rouse himself until the familiar jingle of the ice and the delicious smell of the brandy and mint in the goblets infused new life into his system, and he was able to break the trance.

Minargent, said to be an excellent substitute for silver, has lately been invented in Paris. It is composed of one thousand parts of pure copper, seven hundred parts of pure nickel, fifty parts of pure tungsten, ten parts of pure aluminium. It possesses about nine-tenths of the whiteness, malleability, ductility, tenacity, sonorousness, and density of silver, has a superior lustre, and wears better. *Minargent* may be used for all the purposes to which silver is applicable.

In Paris the rapid work of demolition and reconstruction has produced great changes even within the last few months. The nature and extent of these may be inferred, perhaps, from the amount of damages awarded to owners and occupants of real estate in the Rues de la Chaussée d'Antin, du Helder, and Tailhaut, required for the prolongation of the Boulevard Haussmann. The amount to be paid to the landlords is 11,000,000 francs, and to the occupants 1,592,750 francs. This street cuts through some of the best and busiest localities in Paris.

London thieves are beginning to wear the uniform of postmen, and, thus protected, they pick the locks of street letter-boxes, and walk off with the contents in broad daylight. Have we thieves of a similar kind? If not, what becomes of some missing letters?

For many years the French Government have held out a large reward to any one who would discover and communicate a satisfactory test, other than that of actual decomposition, by which death may be infallibly indicated. The following method, recently given to the French Government, will probably take the prize: Hold a lighted candle to any portion of the body; a blister will soon rise. If on puncture it gives out a fluid substance, death has not taken place; if it emits air only, it is perfectly certain that life has become entirely extinct.

California has proved admirably adapted to the luxuriant growth of the mulberry-tree, and to the cultivation of the silk-worm. Very little capital is required in commencing this business; it is clean and healthful, and can be easily managed in a great degree by women and children. Moreover, there will always be a good demand for the products of the silk-worm.

The project of uniting Lake Huron and Lake Ontario has been decided to be feasible, and able engineers say that it will cost about $40,000,000. It was proposed to raise $20,000,000 of this in the United States, and $20,000,000 in England. These loans were to be secured by a grant of 10,000,000 acres of land by the Canadian Government. A gentleman of Toronto has undertaken the financial management of the enterprise, and some time ago obtained guaranties from American capitalists that they would furnish $20,000,000 if the balance should be subscribed in Europe, and the land-grant secured. For several months he has been in England, and it is said that his prospects of success in securing the other $20,000,000 are very satisfactory.

"OLD HAT" MAN.

NEW YORK "STREET ARABS."

HENRY MAYHEW, in his valuable book on "London Labor and the London Poor," divides the street folk of that great city into six kinds: I. Street Sellers; II. Street Buyers; III. Street Finders; IV. Street Performers; V. Street Artisans; and VI. Street Laborers. If he had added a seventh division for Street Beggars his classification would have admirably applied to the city of New York, though American peculiarities of customs generally have produced very different classes of these characters from those of England. We have the English "costermonger" and "cheap John" in our hawkers of fish and vegetables, and our enterprising country peddlers; their tract and song sellers are generally news boys or men with us; they have many char-

THE BOOT-BLACK.

acters which we have not, and we many original to this soil; but all, in England or America, have a nature in common, and all belong to the nomadic race. Every where they are found they can be recognized as true Arabs; and strange to say, despite its privations, its dangers, and its hardships, those who have once adopted the semi-savage and wandering mode of life in early youth seldom abandon it, but continue to the end of their existence Arabs by second nature.

"GLASS PUT IN."

Among the "Street Arabs" of New York there are many distinct characters of people. Embraced under the head are to be included pickpockets, beggars, and prostitutes that *prey* upon the populace, as well as the itinerant sellers, buyers, etc., who profess to make some return for what they receive; but it is only from the latter class that our present illustrations are selected. These are to be seen every day in the streets of the city.

SHOE-LACE MAN.

Among the street buyers is the "old hat" man, familiar in the more secluded streets devoted to residences. His business requires him to pass slowly through the streets, calling out in tones that can hardly be distinguished, and which would not be recognized if his bundle of old hats did not proclaim his trade, "Old hats to buy—old hats!" Generally these street criers—whether buyers or sellers—are hoarse from much straining of their lungs and exposure to all sorts of weather; and their appearance and voice are alike repulsive. There are a large number of these buyers in New York, and they collect, paying cash, or making exchanges of china-ware or similar goods, every part of man's cast-off raiment, from the hat on his crown to the shoes on his feet. Many of these men are in the employ of second-hand clothes and hat dealers; and their collections, cleansed and repaired, are sold in certain districts as *new* clothing.

CHINESE CANDY MAN.

The "boot-black" is better known, because of a more noisy and numerous class. He is a modern innovation. A few years ago boot-blacking in New York was done in a very different manner. The boot-blacks were then almost exclusively negro men. They had their workshops and their regular customers, whom they served with clean boots pretty much as the news-boys serve their customers with papers. Every customer was expected to have at least two pairs of boots; the boot-black called at the customer's room early every morning, taking away the dirty and leaving the clean pair. They carried them by means of a long stick thrust through the straps of the boots or strings of the shoes. This custom, as well as that of putting boots outside of one's door, at the hotel, to be blacked, has now become obsolete, and the "boot-black brigade" has carried all before it.

THE BEGGAR-WOMAN.

The glass-mender belongs to the class of street artisans, and is one of a very numerous herd. We have not only itinerant glass-menders, but repairers of tinware and furniture of all kinds, and the number of street artisans is very large. They perambulate the streets as the "hat man" does, calling their trade, and entering the houses whenever their services are demanded.

The street sellers, however, are in the majority, and the "shoe-lace man," the "Chinese candy dealer," the "umbrella dealer," the "balloon man," and the "cigar dealer" belong to this class. Often the first, whose business requires him to remain stationary, is blind or lame, and sympathy for his misfortune frequently proves important to his success. When John Chinaman comes to New York he is almost certain to start a candy stand, and takes to that trade as naturally as an Italian to organ-grinding. The "umbrella man" is generally seen abroad only in wet weather. To the "balloon man" dry weather is absolutely necessary. His stock in trade consists of the little colored gutta-percha toy balloons so extensively manufactured for children. The cigar man is one of the nuisances of the city. He is to be found in the most frequented of the thoroughfares with a box under his arm, and half a dozen cigars in his hand, calling out, "Five for ten cents!" to passers-by. And strange to say, he finds customers among the illogical class who can not understand that cigars at the rate of two cents apiece must either be of no value or else are contraband.

The beggars are "too numerous to mention;" they are to be found every where and at all hours; and "ply their vocation" with a persistency that deserves and often *provokes* success. The women generally appear with babes in their arms, thus hoping to arouse sympathy, and no doubt often succeeding. An old legend has long been in circulation to the effect that these children are hired to the beggars, and that they are not, as a general thing, their mothers. How true this may be it is impossible to say.

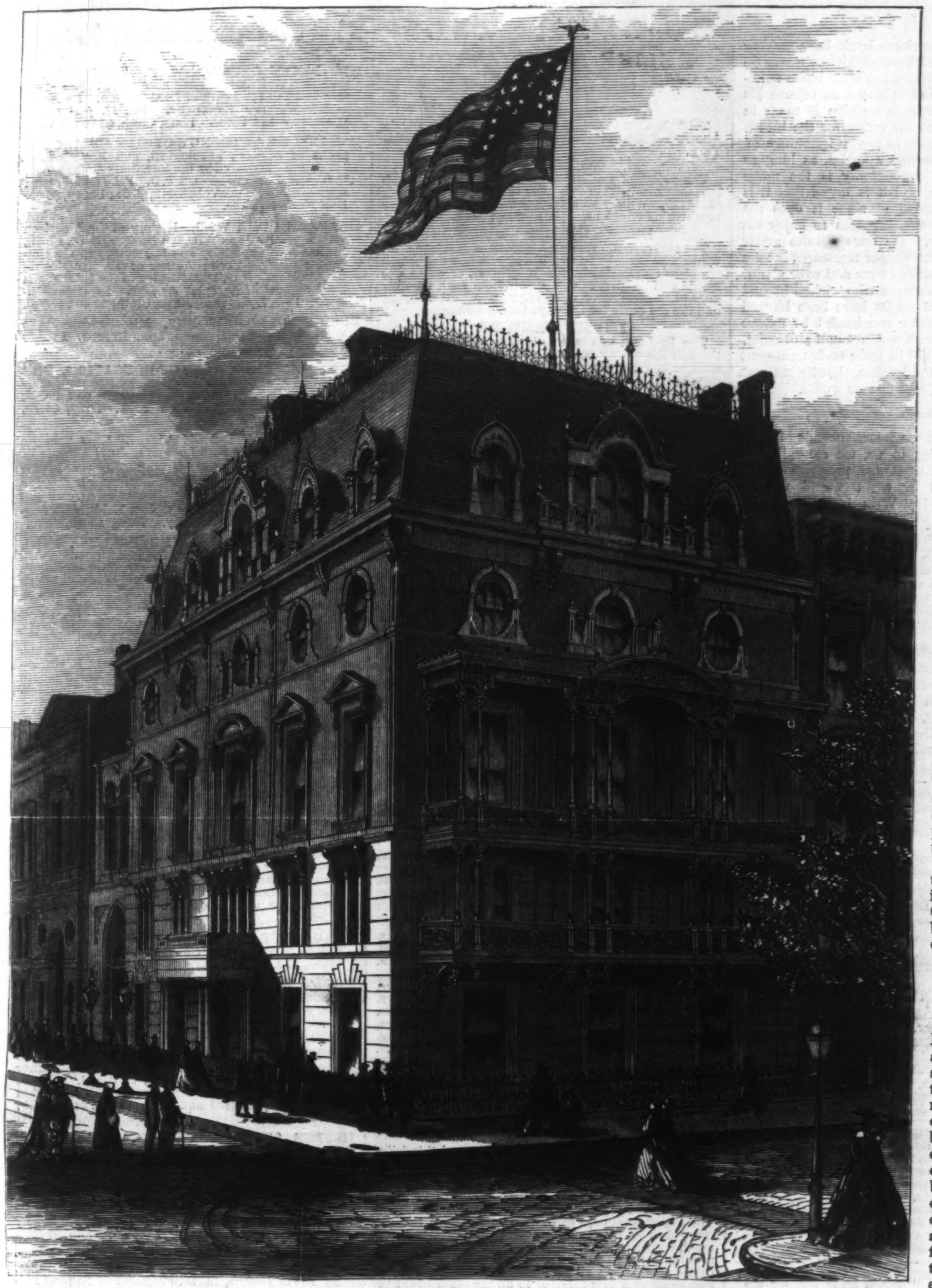
UMBRELLA DEALER.

Curious would be the history of these characters, if it could be traced, and still more so the habits, and customs, and social and commercial organizations of these people, if they could be divulged. They begin life for themselves at a very early age—often before they are ten years of age. They find their chief amusement at their cheap "hops," the beer-shops, and the theatres; the social intercourse of the sexes is by no means delicate; concubinage is far more common than marriage; the sanctity of the

THE BALLOON MAN.

marriage relation is most imperfectly understood or appreciated; and they have no religion. There is a great field for the missionary among these classes; and the various children's aid societies have done great and lasting good in it by rescuing young children from this vagabond sort of life. There is no single organized charity of New York which is more worthy of support than that known as the "Children's Aid Society," and which labors vigorously in this field.

"FIVE FOR TEN CENTS."



UNION LEAGUE CLUB-HOUSE, NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

WE give on this page an illustration of the handsome club-house of the Union League Club, on the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, in this city. It is the largest and most complete establishment of the kind in this country. The expense of furnishing it alone amounted to $50,000. There are twenty-nine rooms in the house, besides a theatre capable of seating six or seven hundred persons. There is a library and a trophy-room, besides the usual reception-rooms, parlors, saloons, etc. The exterior of the building, as can be seen from our illustration, is as imposing as the interior is elegant.

The Union League Club was organized during the late war, and was one of the first of those effective and patriotic political associations which are now so numerous in the principal cities. These clubs, which did so much during the excitement of the war to sustain the Government by material as well as moral support, are now doing great good in the dissemination of true principles among the people, and their good influence is felt in this political as well as during the bloodier struggle which preceded it.

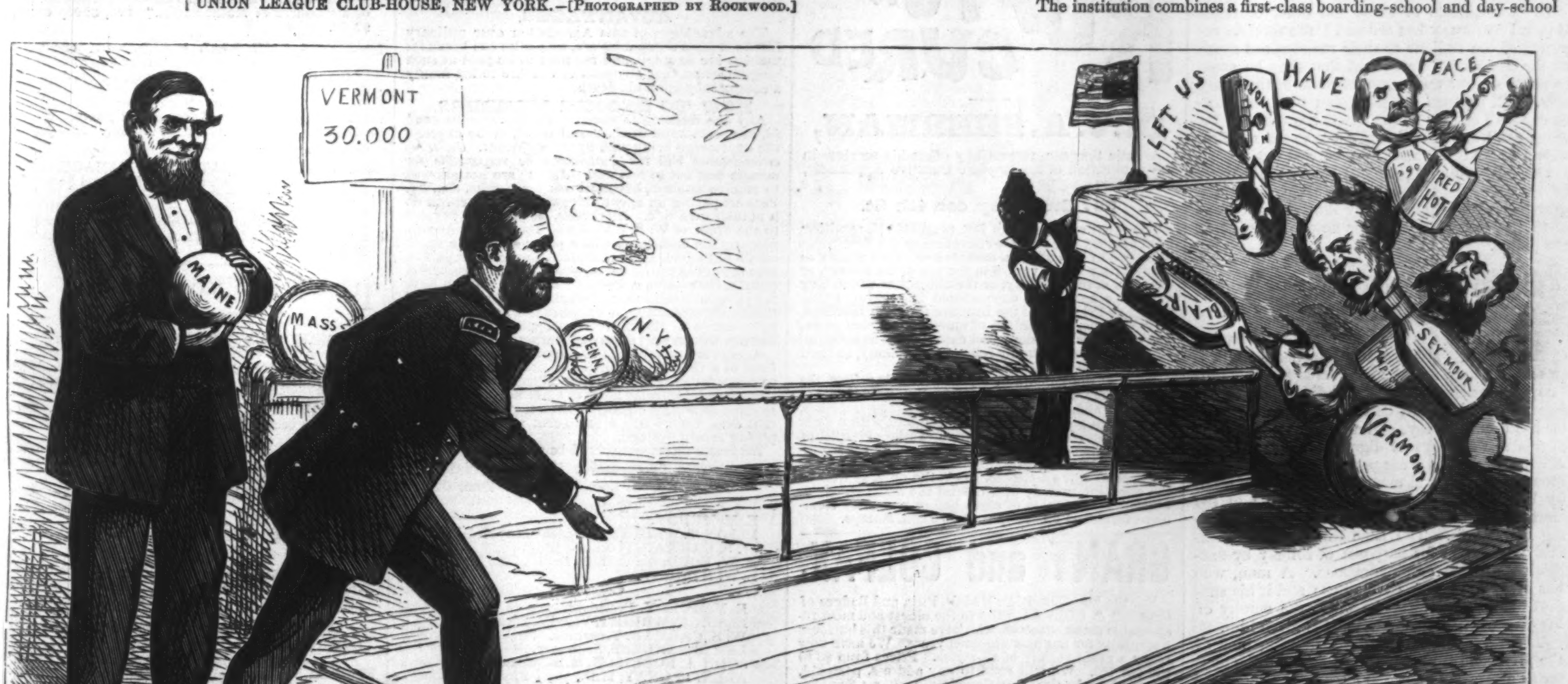
At a meeting on August 20, Judge JOHN H. WHITE presented to the Club a splendid bronze medal. We illustrate it on this page. It is called "The Grant Medal," and is intended to commemorate the General's military services. Five hundred of them were manufactured, by order of a Swiss Republican Club, for presentation to clubs in this country, and they are now being distributed.

THE GRANT MEDAL.

WESLEYAN COLLEGE AT BELFAST.

WE illustrate on page 597 the newly-erected College of the Wesleyan Methodist connection in Ireland. This institution possesses considerable interest for the Methodist denomination in this country, as a large sum of money has been raised for it here. Methodism in Ireland has to bear the competition of the establishment supported by the Government, and the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian Churches, which receive large subsidies for their support, and is, in addition, continually being weakened by the emigration to this country of large numbers of its best members. Twelve years ago an effort was made in this country to raise $100,000 for the purposes of Methodism in Ireland, but in consequence of the financial troubles of 1857 it was abandoned, after raising $40,000. In connection with the Centenary collections of 1866 about $35,000 additional was collected, making in all about $75,000 given by the Methodists of this country for the benefit of their brethren in Ireland. Of this sum a large portion is to go toward this College at Belfast, to be used either for its building or endowment fund.

The institution combines a first-class boarding-school and day-school



"KEEP THE BALL ROLLING."—*Campaign Song.*

for boys, with a college for older students designed for the ministry. The building stands in a healthy and agreeable situation. The foundation-stone was laid three years ago. The cost has been $80,000. The materials are red brick, with dressings or facings of freestone. The design comprises a longitudinal range of building, with two transverse wings, projecting both to front and rear; also a central rear building. The right side of the building is devoted to the collegiate department, the left to the school, the departments common to both occupying the centre. The principal entrance and president's house occupy the centre of the front; the theological tutor's and head-master's houses are placed at each side, each with a separate entrance. Separate entrances are provided for the students and boys in the centre of each return-wing, under the side-towers. Each house is perfectly distinct and self-contained.

THE INDIAN WAR.

THE impression appears to have mysteriously fastened itself upon the minds of public writers that the Indian war now beginning in the Far West is to be the last of our troubles from that source, and that it is to be at the cost of the Indians. The consummation is highly desirable, though it is a great pity that more peaceful measures, which the Peace Commission of last spring might have inaugurated, are not to be the means of producing it. But it is evident that under Generals SHERMAN and SHERIDAN there is to be a vigorous prosecution of the struggle, even to the extermination of the Indian tribes. Such a purpose General SHERMAN has already distinctly avowed, and neither he nor General SHERIDAN are men to be turned back from their purposes by false sentiments of humanity, and it must be candidly confessed that our former policy has been somewhat mistaken in this regard.

The late operations of the Indians have been of a painfully aggressive character. They appeared in the vicinity of Solomon City, Kansas, on August 16, and made such demonstrations as drove the people of the country to the city for protection; several women were captured and fearfully outraged. WILLIAM COMSTOCK, well known as a scout, was murdered by them on August 19. Numbers of children and women have been stolen by them, and either murdered or abandoned in the woods. On August 23 they attacked the Kiowa station, on the Smoky Hill route, capturing thirty horses and carrying off a woman and child, whose remains were found shockingly mutilated. Another band killed three men at Latham, on the Platte stage road. They chased the Smoky Hill coach for several miles, keeping up a running fire, without doing any damage. They are stripping the country of stock and provisions. Work on the Smoky Hill railroad has been stopped in consequence of these depredations, and travel has become very insecure. A train of wagons from New Mexico was attacked on the 28th of August at Pawnee Fork, on the old Santa Fé route, thirty-seven miles southwest from Fort Dodge, by a large party of Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians. They killed sixteen of the guards, scalping them and burning their bodies with the wagons. Another train, a few miles beyond, successfully resisted the efforts of the Indians for its capture. Another train, loaded with seventy-five thousand pounds of wool, was attacked at Cimaron Crossing, twenty-five miles from Fort Dodge, on the same road. The men fought until their ammunition gave out and then abandoned the train, saving what stock they could.

In consequence of these and other outrages General SHERMAN has ordered "the forcible removal of the Indians to their reservations south of the State of Kansas, and that they be compelled to deliver up the perpetrators of the guilty acts. All persons are forbidden to have intercourse with or give aid or assistance to these Indians until due notice is given that the requirements of the order have been carried out."

Our engraving on page 601 shows the manner of attacking and defending a train, and is a graphic, truthful, and timely illustration of one of these desperate encounters now so frequent on the plains.

"KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER" IN DISREPUTE.

MR. DISRAELI is begging for the distinction of the Garter. His political opponents think it an empty honor, and the sure presage of his fall. They say the Garter was a real distinction in the days of chivalry; but chivalry is dead, the Garter has become a toy, and among the statesmen of this age the toys of dignity are out of date. Ambitious women wear paste who have no diamonds to wear; and mentally poor men of quality beg and bargain for the distinction of the Garter, because they are incapable of distinguishing themselves. The Blue Riband has notoriously been used for purposes of bribery by successive English administrations. A man, who has every thing else, covets this; and if his support of the government be worth the enmity of his disappointed competitors, it is given him.

There have not indeed been wanting men of the privileged order who have declined the Garter as a thing of no use to them. The late Lord Fitzwilliam, a man of superior intellect and great public as well as private worth, is said to have inquired, when it was offered him, what it would cost him to be knighted; and on being told that the expense would amount to several hundred pounds, he quietly said that he thought he could do something better with the money. Lord Melbourne, when asked at the Coronation if he would not accept the Garter, replied, in his characteristic vein of humor: "Well, no; I don't see what would be the use of trying to bribe myself."

TAPPING LEECHES.—A NEW SURGICAL DODGE.

THE German doctors have lately been playing their leeches a droll trick—making one worm do the work of many. When the little blood-sucker has taken his fill and is about to release his bite, he is tapped; a small incision is made in his side, that serves as an outlet for the blood, and he goes on sucking, in happy ignorance of the cause of his abnormal appetite, as long as the doctor pleases. Bdellatomy is the name given to the practice, and it is urged that it is not cruel, but contrariwise since it does the leech a good turn by enabling him to enjoy his rich feast indefinitely. He does not die under the operation; but with proper treatment is soon healed, and may be incised over and over again. There was once an alderman who wished he had been a camel, that he might have been blessed with the seven stomachs vouchsafed by nature to that animal. If such a gourmand still exist, let him seek surgical aid in some such treatment as that practiced on the leeches, that he may eat and drink *ad libitum*, and feel no worse.

IF the ladies but knew what thousands of them are constantly relating to us, we candidly believe one half of the weakness, prostration and distress experienced by them would vanish. James Marsh, Esq., 159 West 14th St., N. Y., says, "he has three children, the first two are weak and puny, his wife having been unable to nurse or attend them, but she has taken PLANTATION BITTERS for the last two years, and has a child now eighteen months old which she has nursed and reared herself, and both are hearty, saucy, and well. The article is invaluable to mothers," &c.

Such evidence might be continued for a volume. The best evidence is to try them. They speak for themselves. Persons of sedentary habits troubled with weakness, lassitude, palpitation of the heart, lack of appetite, distress after eating, torpid liver, constipation, diabetes, &c., will find speedy relief through these Bitters. —*Tribune*

MAGNOLIA WATER.—Superior to the best imported German Cologne, and sold at half the price.

WE believe the officers of the MANHATTAN to be honest and responsible, and their plan fairly set forth in their prospectus, to which we direct those contemplating Life Insurance, leaving each to judge for himself.—*N. Y. Tribune* (Aug. 11). See Prospectus on this page.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR removing FRECKLES, TAN, PIMPLES, and all other blemishes, use Phalon's "PAPHIAN LOTION." Sold by all druggists. Price $1 25 per bottle.

FOR the *Toilet*, *Bath*, and *Nursery*, use Phalon's "PAPHIAN SOAP." 25 cts. per cake. Sold by druggists and by PHALON & SON, 517 Broadway, N. Y.

GRAND DUCHESS of GEROLSTEIN, Martha, Lucrezia, Barber of Seville, Fidelio, Crispino e la Comare, Norma, Traviata, Trovatore, Freischutz, Ballo in Maschera, Somnambula. Each opera complete for piano solo, with overture and whole of music. Price 50 cents.

"Absurdly moderate in price, and perfectly satisfactory in shape."—*N. Y. Times* (June 29th).

Boosey & Co.'s new Catalogue of Cheap Musical Publications free. BOOSEY & CO., 644 Broadway.

RUPTURES CURED

Dr. J. A. SHERMAN,

Artistic Surgeon, respectfully offers his services in the application of his Rupture Curative Appliances, at his office.

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The great experience of DR. SHERMAN, resulting from his long and constant devotion to the Treatment and Cure of this disease, assures him of his ability to relieve all, without regard to the age of the patient, or duration of the infirmity, or the difficulties which they may have heretofore encountered in seeking relief. Dr. S., as Principal of the Rupture Curative Institute, New Orleans, for a period of more than fifteen years, had under his care the worst cases in the country, all of which were effectually relieved, and many, to their great joy, restored to a sound body.

None of the pains and injuries resulting from the use of other Trusses are found in Dr. Sherman's Appliances; and, with a full knowledge of the assertion, he promises greater security and comfort, with a daily improvement in the disease, than can be obtained of any other person, or the inventions of any other person in the United States.

Prices to suit all classes. It is the only, as well as the cheapest, remedy ever offered the afflicted. Photographic likenesses of cases before and after treatment furnished on receipt of two 3 cent stamps.

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THE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION is chartered by the State of New York.

OBJECT.

The object of this Association is to secure a cash payment within forty days after the death of a member of as many dollars as there are members in the class to which he or she belongs, to his or her heirs.

MEMBERSHIP FEES.

The membership fees are six dollars at joining (for which a policy will be furnished), and one dollar and ten cents on the death of each member, of which due notice will be given. One dollar from each member goes to the widow or heirs of the deceased member, and the ten cents for the expenses of collecting.

INVESTMENTS.

The By-Laws of the Association require that one third of the money received as new membership fees shall be made a sinking fund to meet payments falling due by the delinquencies of members. This fund is held by the

NATIONAL TRUST CO.,

and will be invested in United States Bonds, or real estate, or bond and mortgage upon New York City property, which property shall be double the value of the money so loaned.

THE FUNDS.

The remaining two thirds, after paying the expenses of the Association, shall be invested in real estate in the City of New York, or in bond and mortgage on property in the City of New York, the interest of which shall go to pay the current expenses of the Association. If a deceased member leaves no heirs, the money becomes the property of the Association, with the proviso that the expenses of burial shall be paid out of such funds—said expenses, however, not to exceed one hundred dollars.

A member failing to pay his fee of one dollar and ten cents within thirty days from date of notice, forfeits all claims upon the Association, and also forfeits all money previously paid. In the Pacific States this time is extended to sixty days. A member having no permanent residence must notify the Secretary, and appoint a representative to pay his fees.

When members choose they can send ten dollars and fifty cents to the Treasurer to prepay their fees, which sum will pay for ten deaths, thus saving the trouble of sending $1 10 each time, besides a saving of fifty cents. No man is so poor that he can not pay $6 now, and $1 10 occasionally, thus securing $5000 to his heirs. The average number of dollars each person will have to pay to secure $5000 will be $30 per year, a little over fifty cents per week. This makes this mode of insurance cost about one sixth what they would have to pay any regular Insurance Company for a $5000 policy.

This company is divided into ten classes for men, and ten classes for women. As soon as these classes are filled ten new classes will be adopted. Men and women are not allowed in the same classes. Every thing is done to make each class equal.

CLASSES.

In class A all persons betw'n the ages of 15 and 20 yrs.
In class B all persons betw'n the ages of 20 and 25 yrs.
In class C all persons betw'n the ages of 25 and 30 yrs.
In class D all persons betw'n the ages of 30 and 35 yrs.
In class E all persons betw'n the ages of 35 and 40 yrs.
In class F all persons betw'n the ages of 40 and 45 yrs.
In class G all persons betw'n the ages of 45 and 50 yrs.
In class H all persons betw'n the ages of 50 and 55 yrs.
In class I all persons betw'n the ages of 55 and 60 yrs.
In class K all persons betw'n the ages of 60 and 65 yrs.

The classes for women are the same as above. Any one that is found to give his or her age wrong will be expelled, and the moneys paid forfeited to the Association. Each class is limited to 5000 members. Each person pays $6 upon becoming a member, and $1 10 each time a member dies *belonging to the same class he or she may be a member of*.

A member of one class can not be assessed this dollar if a member of another class dies. Each class is INDEPENDENT, *having no connection with any other.*

ILLUSTRATION.

Class "A" has 5000 male members. A man dies. The Association pays over, within forty days, $5000 to the widow or heirs, and the remaining members forward, within thirty days, $1 10 each to the Association to reimburse it. Failing to send this sum, they forfeit to the Association all moneys paid, and the Association supplies a new member to fill the place of the retiring one.

ADVANTAGES.

The advantages of this Association over ordinary Life Insurance Companies are, no panics can break it; the fees are so small, and required to be paid at such long intervals, that any man can secure to his family a competency upon his death.

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Any one desiring to become a member must send $6, in check, bank draft, postal order, or by express, the expressage being paid by the applicant. *Under no circumstance will the Association be responsible for moneys sent but in this way.* Agents are not allowed to receive moneys, but must ask for checks, &c., &c. Persons paying an agent otherwise than by check do it at their own risk. All checks, &c., must be payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer. Accompanying the money must be a paper giving the applicant's full name, age, birth-place, present occupation, who the policy is in favor of, post-office address, town, county, state—*also, a Medical Certificate*, setting forth the physical condition, and whether, in the opinion of the doctor examining, the applicant is a proper person to be insured. Blank forms of application for membership will be sent upon application.

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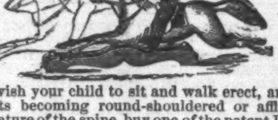

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